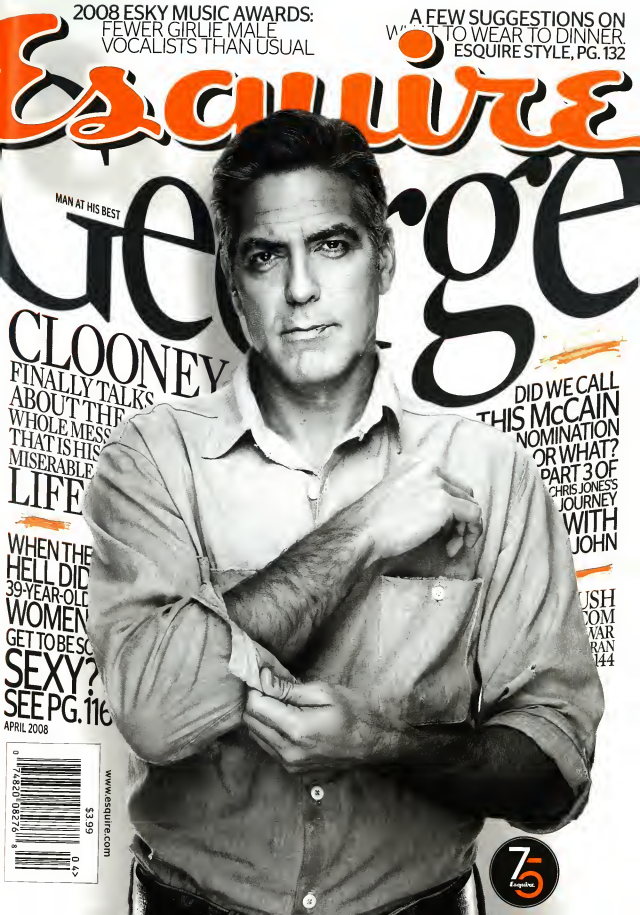


2008 ESKY MUSIC AWARDS:
FEWER GIRLIE MALE
VOCALISTS THAN USUAL

A FEW SUGGESTIONS ON
WHAT TO WEAR TO DINNER.
ESQUIRE STYLE, PG. 132



Esquire

George Clooney

MAN AT HIS BEST

CLOONEY
FINALLY TALKS
ABOUT THE
WHOLE MESS
THAT IS HIS
MISERABLE
LIFE

WHEN THE
HELL DID
39-YEAR-OLD
WOMEN
GET TO BE SO
SEXY?
SEE PG. 116

APRIL 2008

DID WE CALL
THIS MCCAIN
NOMINATION
OR WHAT?
PART 3 OF
CHRIS JONES'S
JOURNEY
WITH
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Calvin Klein



Calvin Klein

A romantic couple is walking together in a picturesque setting, likely Santorini, Greece. The woman is wearing a white long-sleeved top and a black and white patterned skirt, while the man is wearing a light-colored blazer over a white shirt and light trousers. In the background, there are white buildings with blue domes, characteristic of the island's architecture. The overall mood is serene and romantic.

Tommy Bahama.
UNDE THE SANTORINI SKY

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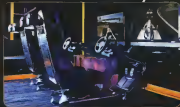
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A SPECIAL PROMOTION FOR ESQUIRE READERS



KENNETH COLE AT ESQUIRE NORTH

On November 19, 2007, Esquire, Kenneth Cole, and Intel hosted a charity gala event to benefit the Harlem Village Academies, a ground-breaking group of high-quality public schools founded by Deborah Knary (chosen one of Esquire's "Best and Brightest" of 2007). The event was Esquire North, Esquire's "ultimate bachelor party" hosted in a hipster penthouse on Central Park North, where Kenneth Cole and Intel co-sponsored the Evening Reception, elegantly designed by Roberto Gutzman, David Khouri, and Christiana Queen of Contrasts, Inc. Guests at the event were treated to a musical performance by Tyler Hillow, and best Bill Cosby recognized three honorees for their contributions to education.

Find inspiration for your spring wardrobe at www.kennethcole.com



Even top left: Kenneth Cole's Vice President, Manufacturing, Media Robert Gersman and Harlem Village Academies founder Deborah Knary. The Kenneth Cole's Evening Reception designed by Roberto Gutzman, David Khouri, and Christiana Queen of Contrasts, Inc. and Kenzie Gutzman. Screen: Christiana Queen of Contrasts, Inc. Musical performance by Tyler Hillow.

-KENNETH COLE NEW YORK



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Ermenegildo Zegna

GREAT MINDS THINK ALIKE

EQUINE READER SEEMS SAME

Over the years, you've provided me with answers to many perplexing questions pertaining to my relations with rivers and I must turn to you with this dilemma: I'm a young lady in my early twenties living in Washington D.C., and in inescapable celibacy. I don't mind being single, but I haven't had a date in six months. I'm half African, half Swedish. Intelligent and intelligent, I'm well-read and a sports nut. I'm not a supermodel, but I'd like to find out from the genetic pool, the five-foot-nine, slender, and athletic former punter who still plays soccer. I'm witty and mature, but I also have the name of a twelve-year-old boy. I can tell you how many touchdowns Tom Brady threw during the regular season. How many times he's had a sack on game and how many receiving yards T.O. and Randy Moss had this season. Why am I not dating?

Devon Stella
Washington, D.C.

Are you as confounded as you are, Amy?

—d others

As the *Equine Reader* is set as each January, only three special days keep me in good spirits and I'm going wedding anniversary, Valentine's Day, and the day the Dakota Actinavanta Equine hits our mailbox. There's nothing like reliving the horrors of the previous year as only Equine can present them.

AMY BLOLL
Austin, Tex.

Reading *Dubious* is, in itself, a dubious achievement. I have no idea for going up as a madman. I had the good fortune of uncovering on Equine an article on my college library about twenty years ago. I spent the better part of the day reviewing the fallacies of *the human condition*.

CONTRIBUTOR AWARDS

FALSTAFF MODESTY

"And that's how we made our second \$100 million."

—From *Golden or Nothing: How Two Friends Risked It All to Buy One of Las Vegas' Legendary Casinos* (The story of the unlikely and unlikely partnership of the two entrepreneurs who built the first and second of the Golden Nugget, written with Equine writer at large Cal Feinstein)



HIGHLIGHT FROM A LETTER WE WON'T BE RUNNING

"You want to be held naked, no hold hands."

big big head in Dubious. It was, and still is, a fantastic experience to read that there are bigger assholes in the world than yourself.

ALAN WISNIEWSKI
New Degree Beach, Fla.

WHAT REAL AMERICANS THINK ABOUT AMERICA

Also in the February issue: writer Colby Ruffini shows from San Francisco in Bangor, Maine, to his regular American—born, born American to children (and his son) who work out of the state—how they thought we were doing as a country ("I'm in the Union"). Although Ruffini's article is interesting and well written, I can only imagine how different it would have been if it were done by someone with more positive outlook or a better grasp of the human condition. You will always find everything to be truly dismal if that's the only thing you seek. Also, I wonder what opinion he'd have found if he hadn't focused on alarm, fear, and quickie marriages.

KEITH J. HARRISON
Brownsburg, Ind.

After reading this article, it is clear that the masses are clueless. What are they teaching in schools now?

HARVEY BELLIN
Bellevue, Md.

CHIVALRY, AN ADDENDUM AND A DIATRIBE

In our year's mission to spread violence, we're slipping. The February issue offered a primer ("The Equine Guide to Chivalry Issues"), including a crisp, detailed synopsis of behavior and the (old) code.

A few suggestions for your year:

1) Walk in front of the wife in a group down

stairs and behind when going up.

2) Openings can be a door for a woman depends on what she's wearing. If she's in pants, let her in first. But if she's wearing a skirt or dress, you get in first so that she doesn't have to slide.

3) Your advice to pretend to have through revolving doors completely contradicts something I remember as a young man, which suggested that she should go first. That way you can push to catch her speed and still be able to watch her ass.

4) Although you and your co-writer damaged the tradition of walking on her outside while on the sidewalk, I think you should always do this. [continued on page 14]

BACK STORY FICTION



"The Last Days of Heath Ledger" page 126

To write a credible chronicle of Heath Ledger's final days, writer John Lutz visited the actor's neighborhood, collected the close friends and family members who stayed behind him during his last week, and read as many accounts and rumors about the events surrounding his death as possible. The result is what we call reportage fiction. Some of the elements are true. Ledger was in London. He was a regular at the Ritz-Carlton and the Moll Cafe. And he was infatuated with Nick Drake. Others are not.

MOST REVERENT ROCKERS

"Awesome performance," he grinned broadly. "They played like three men in a twenty-minute set."

—From a conversation overheard at a Christian rock concert by Dana Knutson in his June revealing and deceptively titled new book, *Revelation: Rock Adventures in the Post-Eden Universe of Christian Pop Culture*



EDITOR'S LETTER

Back to Ourselves



EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE, somebody says something to you that is compelling enough to lodge some where in your brain that then come back to you years later, every with in the realm of truth. More than four years ago, I had breakfast with an international business leader. This is a man who was born in South America, grew up in the Middle East, and now shuttles professionally between Asia and Europe, with stops in nearly every country of the world, including ours. He has a broad perspective.

I told him if the war in Iraq and the Bush administration's generally pessimistic stance would create a permanent animosity with the rest of the world. He said that, from his perspective, the international community viewed the years following 9/11 as an aberration and the rest of the world would be tolerant of us, even if our behavior extended into a second presidential term. He said

that it was assumed that eventually America would return to itself, which I took to mean being a positive force in the world.

As I've watched the field of non-services to President Bush get narrowed down to three, and as we've all seen the Cheney-Bush vision of how the last superpower competes as lifeing in runs on the lines of place like Abu Ghraib and Guantanamo, I'm hoping that this man was right. If the Bush administration has shown us anything, it's that we can't go to sleep. The world of the twenty-first century requires partnerships, it forces us to realize that our role needs to be one of leadership as opposed to bullying.

Read Ron Kerner's story about Admiral Tom Phillips, the commander of U.S. forces in the most volatile part of the world, and you see a realist visionary. Deep into the story you see his interest in brokering a food-for-energy deal between Afghanistan and Tajikistan. What he held a Tajikistan's promise not to sell, as I did. But the point the story makes is that a deal like that does firmness to marginalize Al-Qaeda and other Islamic extremists than five years of war in Iraq.

The jobs in America power and influence and money will be used by the American government to keep the big stock of military weapons on option rather than a de facto resolution.

I AM HEREBY URGING everyone to go out to dinner as many times as possible between March 16 and 22. Last year, we assisted our friends at Draper's as they launched the Tap Project in New York City. As you may recall, on World Water Day, we asked diners to pay a dollar for what is normally free—tap water—and the money raised went to support UNICEF programs that provide clean, safe water to the hundreds of millions with little access to it. This year, not only has World Water Day become World Water Week, but we've expanded from one city to more than a dozen. Go to tapproject.org for details. —DAVID GRANGER

Esquire

David Granger (photo right) presents

David Granger

David Granger (photo right) presents

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TAP PROJECT



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Introducing

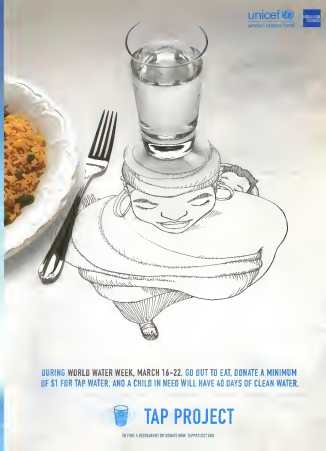
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THE ROAD
TO THE FUTURE

This Way In

DISNAGGING TIES, TIPS FOR
SHORT GUYS, AND A GIFT THAT
ISN'T JEWELRY

My fingerless gloves snag on my cuffs, and I pull the thread and cut so I will keep. How do I prevent that from happening and is there any way to fix it when it does?

DAVE RABANOWITZ

Asheville, NC

Fashion director Nick Scurato responds: The quick solution is to cut the loop at

close to the cloth as possible at each end and then the dissnagging you have. As for the prevention quest, try lighter-colored ties, which expose shorter lengths of silk and leave the fibers better anchored against damage. And give your fingertips

I'm thirty-nine years old, five feet five inches tall, and weigh 158 pounds.

When I go out with my friends, I'm often mistaken for a teenager, and I'm tired of it. Please help me figure out the right clothing to wear and where to shop.

F. LEE DUPRE JR.

Fort Cobb, La.

Sullivan responds: Compensate by dressing up, even dressing a little older than your age. Think seriously when you're picking clothes—simple combinations of navy or black and white in your shirts and tie. Since you're more likely to be mistaken for a teen than for an older man, you'll probably need to get some custom tailoring. Reclaim status as an old-timer in a good way! Go by off-the-ramp brands like Rag & Bone or J.Crew, whose tailoring offerings are better without being dull.

What should I buy for my out-of-state girlfriend? We've been together for six months. I thought about jewelry, but that seems too cliché.

NICK RUSSO

Minneapolis, Minn.

Get her Hilarious Moments calendar. I want to share today's date, and you, and today's. Hilariously if you tell her to use them with the other thing you should buy her: a clock in Minneapolis. —Editors

ELSEWHERE IN THE DIN

When I reached the end of January's What I've Learned collection, I looked back. There were fairly nice men interviewed and only seven women. What did I learn? I suppose I'm listening to the right people.

JANE LUDLOW

Oshawa, Ont.

Thank you for the Enquire Drinks Debauchery (online at enquire.com, drinko). I have just had my first true bacchanalian, made with Wild Turkey (ye instead of bourbon, and I feel like I could beat death in a game of barf-bash). It probably doesn't hurt that I did carbo earlier

HIGHLIGHT FROM A LETTER WE WON'T BE RUNNING

"Do you think the Egyptian pyramids suck, too?"

this afternoon and that my kids are getting down and that I'm sorry for today, most of all, that tomorrow on Discovery's Planet Earth is filling my living room, but I like to think I'm the architect.

DENNIS JAVINS

Morgan Hill, Calif.

On a recent trip, my family and I arrived at a parking lot at 11:40 A.M.—twenty minutes before the cost to park drops from twelve dollars to nothing. When I asked the booth jockey if he would "lend" me twenty minutes, he shot back: "You got a good joke?" Having

just finished your February issue on the fight rap, I hit him with his Hershey's joke about the Italian route (Mia in the Road). I went up, I smiled the event on the "Western Pop & Rock" punch line. It killed. It also saved me **hugely** bucks.

JAMES SIVERT

Austin, Tex.

Letters to the editor may be mailed to The Second and/or The First Box 904, Berkeley, Calif. 94709. Also, Enquire encourages the use of e-mail: enquire@enquire.com or via the Web at enquire.com. Letters (and CD-ROMs) include your full name, address, and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity. We cannot guarantee return. Please e-mail enquire@enquire.com.

Dubious & You: The Milestones

We expected the most of Dubious Achievements to be out with us, even after what we called it was the magazine. Hugs and Dubious have shared some special moments.

First Dubious Achievements
had a baby celebration

1983



Bob Wade
owner of
Cokeville
Spring,
Colorado,
calls to tell
us about
being a man
And how
that produces
results
Doubtful

1977



College
graduate
Eric Seaton
of Atlanta
tells her that
Dubious isn't

1984



David Purves
of New York
City calls
collecting
Dubious
issues

1980



Adam
Winkler of
New York City
Beach, Florida,
tells her that
he's called
her after
she's been an
article of
Dubious
issue

1985



Last Dubious
Achievements issue
hits newsstands

2006



Enquire's 2006
Special: 2006
Special: 2006
Special: 2006

2009

Any bit of Austin (and to date) with a one
year only with the first forward to her wedding
anniversary and 10th anniversary (and 10th anniversary of the first)

10th Anniversary key and 10th anniversary of the first key is celebrated in the month of
July. More details will come on page 11.

MAN'S GUIDE TO A PREVIEW



Why we like the real man's mentioned in
the magazine's style section (on page 122):
ALVIN & GURNEY Because the handsome
man's mentioned in the magazine's

ALVIN & GURNEY Because the handsome
man's mentioned in the magazine's

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ALVIN & GURNEY Because the handsome
man's mentioned in the magazine's

(1) Before he started writing, we had a search for best (and worst) as described on page 121. With
the Enquire magazine's first preview. At that time, he was in the first (and last) of his life.



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A STAR ALLIANCE MEMBER

Man at His Best

1. **THE CULTURE** » Performances of the month, the problem with opinions
2. **THE INSTRUCTIONS** » Gardening for men, what to say to your barber
3. **STYLE** » A guide to leather featuring eels, goats, and dragons

THE VOCABULARY

(So you don't think you will encounter the words that follow. Go on for conversation.)

• **MEMENTO MORI** n: A Latin phrase that roughly translates into "Remember you will die," which can be used to cut the boastful down to size or place one's own life into elegant perspective. Best delivered with an Italian accent, squinty eyes, and a slow nod. (SEE PAGE 44)

• **torture porn** n: A genre of film that celebrates relentless, unthinkable violence against the innocent, the naive, and the pretty. (SEE PAGE 40)



FIG. 2

• **SQUIRREL IN THE TOMATOES** n: L. An otherwise adorable rodent that helps himself to the bounty of your garden. 2. A strangely comforting reminder that what we grow will get eaten, by us or by some thing else. (SEE PAGE 52)

• **supernatural selection** n: THE BELIEF THAT HUMANS HAVE DIVINE SOVEREIGNTY OVER THE CREATURES OF THE EARTH, AND THERE'S NO WAY WE COULD BE RELATED TO THEM. (SEE PAGE 46)



FIG. 2

• **SAFFRON** n: 1. The stigmas of the crocus flower, used in a spice in the fancy Spanish dish paella. 2. The first name of a really Englishish. (SEE PAGE 48)

• **QUAIOIAN** adj: 1. Describing a prolific but underrated acting career, like Dennis Quaid's. 2. Describing a prolific but underrated acting career that has been underrated so long, it's appropriately rated, like Randy Quaid's. (SEE PAGE 42)



FIG. 4

• **HUFFING THE LINIMENT** n: 1. One of many techniques for engaging an anachronistic preparation of alcohol and natural oils. 2. An understated metaphor for anything you engage in even though you're not sure it's doing you any good, like water skiing or voting. (SEE PAGE 54)



FIG. 2

• **GUCCI LOAFER** n: An iconic shoe of black calfskin and brass that manages to seem both well-worn and contemporary. See also: The Ray Ban Wayfarer, the Sperry Top-Sider, Gap Socks. (SEE PAGE 63)

QUESTIONS ANSWERED IN THIS SECTION:

• HOW COULD HER SWAGG WATER? (PG. 40)

• HOW DO I STOP BEING A CAT? CATS FREE BRANCH WITH AN EXCESSIVELY FOPFUL TWIST. (PG. 52)

• HOW CAN A SHIRT COST THAT MUCH? (PG. 40)

• WHO'S PRESIDENT JOHN A. HARRIS UP TO THREE DAYS? (PG. 42)

• AM I GOING TO SUE? (PG. 44)

• IT'S A 2008: WHY WOULD ANYONE NOT BELIEVE IN IT? (PG. 48)

• WHAT CAN WE LEARN FROM A TIGER? (PG. 46)

• WHAT CAN WE LEARN FROM A TIGER? (PG. 46)



"The Tuck Pendleton machine: zero defects."

"Honey, could you...?"

"Will you look at those two drinks?"

"Not from Cleveland."





Film

The Most Brutal Film Ever Made. Made Again.

Funny Games is a shot by shot remake of the original, which means it's hard to watch but impossible not to

By Mike D'Angelo

Ten years passed before I could summon the courage to rewatch Michael Haneke's 1997 provocative *Funny Games*. I bought the DVD the week it came out, and it just sat on my shelf, mocking me—as audaciously placed as the violently disarmed serial killers, who turn up at an ordinary family's vacation house and proceed to torture and murder them for laughs. When I finally tucked it up and took a second look, it was even more brilliant and more repugnant

than I'd remembered. Well, at least he'll have to tone it down a little for this American remake he's doing. I calmed myself. I don't think I could take that again so soon.

Well, as to any narrow breakdown—and years, years, mostly *Funny Games U.S.A.*, as the new version has been dubbed, has to be the most perverse movie ever released by a major American studio, or even by a studio's dedicated indie arm (in this case, Warner Independent). I don't know what form of temporary insanity led some suit to conclude that a mass audience was ready for this experi-

ment, but I'd like to make the dealer stand before he's led off to the gallows. And that's assuming that angry moviegoers brandishing pitchforks don't get to him first.

His twisted remakes of challenging foreign films are usually watered down until they're safely innocuous. *The Vanishing*, an outstanding 1980 Dutch thriller, ends with the hero buried alive, screaming into the darkness. The U.S. version, made five years later—and directed by the same guy—ends with the hero (now Kiefer Sutherland) buried alive... and then dug up by his girlfriend, who helps him

Despite appearances, director Michael Haneke did not simply digitally insert his new cast (including Michael Wertz and Tim Roth) into the original footage.

defuse the bad guy and restore order. Cue pop song.

Haneke is having none of this shit. Not only is his original, almost unbearably grim finale intact, but *Funny Games U.S.A.*, as a whole, represents the most painstaking, unvarnished duplication of a feature-length film ever made. It didn't leave better, I'd swear, than the new cast—Natascha Wertz and Tim Roth as the tormented couple, Michael Pitt and Emily Corbet as the smiling sadists—had been digitally pasted in.

THE RULES

Rule No. 101: In *Funny Games*, a laughing doll is made up, she has eyes to make everything down from an open-packed clown. *Rule No. 102:* *Funny Games* are best left to the camera. *Rule No. 103:* Never write an article and a conclusion to the same private dinner party.



EYEWEAR COLLECTION



THIS MONTH IN EXCESSIVENESS » The word *they* is just one part of the installation. Everybody always thinks they are right—one of dozens of sentences graphic designer Stefan Sagmeister illustrates in the book *Things I Have Learned in My Life So Far* (Abrams, \$40). His lessons feature, among other things, fish, chocolate spiders, webbed shrubbery, hot dogs, police tape. And more ways. Turns out, unsolicited advice isn't more profound when it's hosted by a giant, inflatable animal, but it's a little more palatable.



Books

Reminder of the Month: Death!

The thing about life is that one day you'll be dead.

David Shields

BIG INTO YOGA? Cool. You're gonna die. Kidding, kidding, but cats and acai berries? Score! First, you're gonna die. Whatever your zodiac is, it's soon to be featured on the business side of a t-shirt. Your toilet is hooked. One way,

nonstop to the undecorated canopy.

You know this already. Everybody does. But it's easy to forget. Because living, with its drama and its errands, its gossip and its headsets, conspires to make us forget. This is where David Shields proves valuable in *The Things About Life in Their Own Way* (Knopf, \$24). If all this sounds depressing, it's not. There's a comfort to be found in this offer: investigation of mortality as Shields's close-eyed look at the ways in which we come undone. While we may increasingly live in

our heads, he returns us to the privacy of our bodies.

Throughout the work, Shields is a clean and efficient stylist. He weaves into these pages a loving and sometimes painful portrait of his 69-year-old father, who with no interest in dying, a man who with morbid fervor tries to show us how to live. Shields's book made a little like *Turn of Mind* with Morris: a man who takes them without the sugar. It's also full of cool that you'll want to share over drinks. In the second century, the worst life you can live is a life that's not

words were "last words are for those who haven't said enough."

What it still adds up to, the drink that the life serves still and now, is this: "The individual doesn't matter." Death is the great collective experience.

What to call this old book, then? *Things About Life in Their Own Way* is a book worth reading in ultimately a book about dying. And Shields's book makes that point more explicitly than most. At its best, a function the way all books should—in moments more. *Reminder of death*. If you don't have one, you oughta. You're gonna die. —BENJAMIN ALPHE



TOMMY HILFINGER

SUNSHINE
SALT FLATS, UTAH
SPORTSWEAR
SHOES
ACCESSORIES
TOMMY.COM

(Opinion)

A Humble Suggestion

By Tom Chiarella

It must have been nice to live in a village by a river when everything was all about hunting and gathering. The sun rose and fell. There were kept-it-Suits, every day was a kind of ritual—dressed, some in showmen, sharpen a stick, thench the roof or whenever—and every action merely an exercise of survival. But there is comfort in that: a sign of purpose. And while it can't have been all that pleasant—cracking open the bones of birds to suck out the marrow, eating weeds off the great-house floor, fighting off invaders—at least they didn't have to hear when everybody thinks 24 hours a day. The citizens were likely of, or closer to, my way, one road, one opinion. Something like We gotta live through this together.

But this country is a supermarket of glagulation in which everyone rattles around with their wobble-wheeled carts, grabbing exactly what they need—by hand, sign, and price. There is no such obligation, a freedom to change your mind, to consider, on so many sides of our lives, that you can't let the good stuff from the chaos. All day long. Everyone is an expert. Each expert

grows a hand of misperceptions, making true confusion just another personal scheme, virtually assuming that we will all forget that we have to live through this together.

Your cleaning woman wants a few too many. The desk clerk at the hotel takes a moment to tell you what we can do to strengthen the border. And it's all delivered with the familiar sequence of gaudy, massmen, pompous savings, followed by a song grin that says, "I can't think of these pearls for enough!" Options no longer priorities, arguments, just a mere opinion.

In the village, a guy who talked too much would be of no real use. Eventually someone would need him to work—to pick some heat or plant some seed—and when he couldn't, they might use him as another year. The truth to see whether's making progress! As we use both misperceptions by opinion and involved with it, it seems strange that we should see Chris Matthews. Contrasted with the sweet meats of Bill Maher and Glenn Beck, there is no doubt this would make the thrasher or rapist. But that's just one writer's opinion.



WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU PEOPLE?

Concise responses to a perplexing reality—fiction, an argument and a correction

MAJOR HUMAN FLAW

Seven people still don't believe in evolution.

RESPONSE NO. 1 by

Eugene C. Scott, author of

Evolution vs. Creationism: An Introduction

The percentage of Americans who reject evolution is close to 10 percent.

About 35 percent believe the Bible should be in

schoolbooks, and if you are a biblical literalist,

evolution is not compatible with that view. For the

rest—most of the world and Christians—it is most

ly a matter of human development: the idea that

humans are different and unique from all other animals. Part of that is the

"big factor," this is evolution. But people understand more about animals

than they appreciate that it's human evolution that's

evolutionary from there.

RESPONSE NO. 2 by Mike

Thurley, stand-up comedian

When I see a man

I should have said that

evolution is a story April 6

at a debate last year.

Prime Minister's cabinet

denies the president of the

United States asked the

honest when asked what

2001 believes in evolution.

And these are the

most honest people in

America. They're just trying

to get you to the "Garden"

side. Some churches be-

lieve that God put animals

toads on the earth at or

on the land, and they. Mike

Thurley accomplished. God

thinks would these pro-

ple believe in evolution?

Would they be just trying

to get you to the "Garden"

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Would they be just trying

Adapted from *His Best*

1

[illegible]

WHAT YOU'VE LEARNED SO FAR

→ The philosophy of John Adams Underwood → The era of unbridled opinion? Overstated → The inevitability of death Underworld/underworld → The dream of fifteen
 Unborn/Unborn/Unborn

only ★ macy's
HNC International
Concepts®
Blazer \$199
Serge shirt, \$59.
Wool pants, \$59.95.

the magic of
macy's
macy.com

E than a hop-downstream. Need to catch a finer spot? Kneeshield a third? *Hyphessobrycon* rise? You realize that the third of the Polish's head line is function as a splitting mud as well: forest-to-fingert service in a single unit. The rear blade, a sort of heavy-duty wire, is a pack-of-all-uses it slices through air, outside noise, looses in, pries up potholes, and loops branches that are too thick for pruning shears. Flips Polish sideways and it will function as a lighted doghouse. Along its edges comes lovely sharp and it'll be rare

laps into square numbers for rustic constructions. And if you do happen to find yourself downwind of a wildfire, well, it's not you crossed there, no.

The Hincanadei (\$38, cspoutdown.com) shown on the previous page has a slippery handle, which won't let it slip in damp climate. Traditional hickory is also available. Whatever you choose, get a weight, not curved handle. Is this you swing comfortably in either direction. You can also Pelican from any number of classic forestry suppliers for 18 to 75 bucks. —TIM HEFFERNAN



DRINKING

The Egg-White Cocktail

STATE OF CALIFORNIA

You take a perfectly good cocktail, crack an egg, and let the white coat it. And then you drink it. But ever since the early 1930s, when the fashionable Parisian would get swooning on the egg white-lined Panchito, bartenders, mixologists have known that's distasteful. The oil, albumen makes a drink bit unpleasant, creamy and smooth with a nice, frothy head and no alcohol in your face.

Baristas tend to shake the heinous out of their drinks, whipping the whites up into a fine foam, but this can sometimes yield a disappointing head. The research scientists behind the bar at New York's famed espressoery Milk & Honey have come up with a solution: Shake. The drink here, first without ice (the so-called dry shake) and then with it. The first shake activates the foam, the second cools everything down.

—DAVID WEINSTEIN



THE INTERACTION

GARDENING: A DELICATE ART

By Brian Mockenhaupt

POOD-NEER TRUSTED so good as when you've nurtured it onto your plate. Besides, it's cheap. Turkey five bucks at the store—and farmer's market will get you a handful seedlings—a gardener's work. Though a garden brings benefits long before harvest, perspective and escape, chiefly. Start with some basics.

Green beans, Peppers, Summer squash, Cucumbers. Try the little ones. They're more prolific.

Grow a few tomato varieties: big green tomatoes for salads, beefsteaks for burgers, Roma for sauce and salsa. Plant them deep for stronger roots. They need two to three months to mature, so spring for a few big grow plants along with the seedlings and you'll be eating fresh tomatoes a month earlier.

Buy a couple chili plants (red Thai and/or). They pump out far more seeds than you need. Dry them on the counter and cook with them through the year in place of red pepper flakes.

Put in tomatoes, too—when ripe they look like green tomatoes—if you like Latin American food. You'll get 60 or more per plant. Subscribers only.

Herbs bring quick results, fast and neat, both great for drinks. Fenugreek for soups and Rait, Cilantro, Thyme, oregano, and capsaicin dry well and keep longer. Cilantro is versatile but only lasts a few weeks before it goes to seed, so start a new batch every other weekend.

As for looks, start with a small shovel, a garden cultivator and a ball of twine for twigs or

plants. You'll need stakes for the tomatoes. Don't skip on stakes—they grow taller than you'd think. If the stakes are weak,

For the compost pile a good rule of thumb is to mix half carbon-rich material like dried leaves and wood chips, and half nitrogen-rich—eggshells, scraps, coffee grounds, spoiled fruit. Related advice: Don't leave compost bound beneath peels (this is the kitchen).

Lack of attention is what kills plants. Pests just damage them. Squirrels will take some of your tomatoes. Robins and blackbirds will peck your herbs to pieces. An aluminum pie tin dangling from a stick burning in the breeze and a few cheap old-fashioned sun lights will help scare them off. Birds work, too.

THE ELKS FLAT
This is a straight-up version of the Elks Flat that won St. Paul bartender Peter Sindo (the 1971 National Police Gazette bartender's model).

**CONTENT IN COCKTAIL
SPACER:**
1 oz. straight rye whiskey
1 oz. Galliano's Tia Drapea
ruby port
Pineapple liqueur
lemon juice

Without adding ice, shake briefly but vigorously. Add ice, shake again for 8 to 10 seconds, and strain into chilled cocktail glass.



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THE LAY-OWN

This is a straight-up version of the Elio Fluz that won St. Paul bartender Peter Sincio the 2001 Midwest Police Casino bartender's award.

**COMBINE IN COCKTAIL
FRASIER**

1 in six straight eye-bulbary
1 in Graham's Big Gapers
rally past
Tina Smith squeezed
Lamar's due

Without adding ice, shake briefly but vigorously. Add ice, shake again for 8 to 10 seconds, and strain into chilled cocktail glass.

We built this Hawk a home, now he works for us.
Not too many years ago the Red Tail Hawk was a rarity in this area. Overdevelopment and unhealthy farming practices had chased most of them away.

In 1984, my wife and co-proprietor, Isabella, and I re-introduced both the Red Tail Hawk and the Peregrine Falcon back into the land that was theirs in the first place. Watching free creatures flourish in nature brings a joy to my family that is hard to describe. We built hundreds of raptor perches in our vineyards to give these birds

shelter and a place to raise their young. They repay us by helping our vineyards thrive in natural balance.

How does this help us in our pursuit of making world-class wines? Simple. Natural farming solutions lead to a healthier environment. A healthier environment gives us richer soil and stronger vines. Stronger vines produce higher quality grapes, and superior wines. 10 years to come. I understand that many of you enjoy the taste of our wines, but aren't I sure why. Hopefully, I can help with **A Taste of the Truth.**

Joe S. Aronson

Joe S. Johnston

HOW TO TALK TO A BARBER

By Rodney Carter

Neither profession gives you as much control over his work as the guy who cuts your hair. You couldn't convince a doctor to remove your pancreas, but a barber? He'll do anything you want, including make you look ridiculous. Say you have one of those casual-man hairstyles below. They're not offensive, but they're not doing anyone any favors, and each can be improved by changing what you ask for when you sit in the barber's chair. Nothing radical or earthshaking—just a few small changes that make a big difference.

Rodney Carter is the owner of the Carter salons in New York City and an on-screen stylist.

BEST HAIR CUT



"Short all around and longer on the top, so I can part it on the side but have room for my backbeat."



"Short all around and longer on the top, but keep that part at least an inch inside the edge of my eye."



"Just a trim, buddy."



"Take off a little length and give me a lot of loose, disheveled layers."



"How would Nostalgia do it?"



"A lot of texture with choppy short layers."

» THE ENDORSEMENT
Snake Oil

IT SEEMS like one of those old-fashioned when people stopped believing the humors or start on living past the age of 20 but they still take interest. Take Florida's Best AMV (Adult Male Voice) from its barbers' Snake Oil endorsement—"Used and loved by the Mom & Granny"—is the fellow mentioned printed on the box. "We don't use a standard commodity here," it says, "it's not like that." It seems like the kind of stuff you'd have to visit a doctor to get. It's a product designed to protect the company's claims. It does every thing—there are no side effects from a standard necessary even, from crystals to curing cancer to making skin to remove holes. The active ingredient is fish.

But there do know who it works. It's a mixture of natural oil—mango, but, necessary, camphor and lavender among others—which have been the product of a local which makes perfect sense and promises healing. As a medicine it's loose, the knots, and it's also a pretty effective disinfectant. It's a product you're willing to follow the instructions of having it brought from your hands to a glass of water. And if you're willing to put this stuff inside your nose and an ear from animals, that method of application probably doesn't sound so bad.

—DAVID WALTERS

THE RULES

Rule No. 1: If the doctor tells you a hole, the hairdresser on a stick would be a great way to carry it. Rule No. 2: If the doctor says it's a hole, the hairdresser on a stick would be a great way to carry it. Rule No. 3: If the doctor says it's a hole, the hairdresser on a stick would be a great way to carry it.



Looks can be deceiving. Or not.

Never has one color so exemplified every aspect of a Porsche. From its 295 to engine and race bred agility to the sleek matte stripes of the Porsche Design styling, it was made from the inside out to intimidate. And with production limited to just 777 worldwide, consider yourself lucky to even see one. Porsche. There is no substitute.

The Cayman S Design Edition 1.



Other Things to Ask Your Barber

How's the family? If you had my hair, what would it look like? If you had my hair, what should I have for dinner tonight? When's the last time you changed the barbershop? A nickname? If you saw my name, I disappear. What am I? Whatever happened to moustache? You promise that'll make women like me? Aren't sideburns supposed to be even? Tiki or Ronde? You mind if I read this magazine?

NEW B102 Instrument Collection



Information and Catalog: Bell & Ross Inc.
Tel. +1 888 207 7887, www.bellross.com

Bell & Ross
INSTRUMENTS

Man at His Best **Style 3**

Gucci and the American Man

A GUIDE TO LEATHER

Could anyone wear the look-ers. So did Fred

American and Sidney Poitier. John Wayne and Jimmy Stewart carried the baggage, and Clark Gable, God save him, had someone carry the baggage for him. This guy? Well, not sure who he is, but he's got the bricks. Gucci is what goods have been wearing in American style for more than 50 years, and the all the millions of the early days, they're coming around for something.

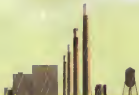
One of those Fred Thompsons, hankering around the lower State, his last appearance in what appeared to be a period Gucci leather suit and cowboy all kinds of hell for it. The talking heads at Fox News branded him "the Gucci Cowboy," and you didn't need a degree from F.U.T. to see what they were getting at. He was rich. He was thick-skinned. He was even a little bit phony, and they got it. That's not by coincidence.

Two bottom seed the \$2,495 cotton shirt (\$49.50), the \$150 shirt and sweater (\$2,495) by Gucci. The leather jacket is for \$1,195. Gucci. Heritage Collection.

FRIDA GIANNINI'S RULES ■ We'd be creative directors of Gucci and a beautiful woman. She's a woman about style.



The first thing I notice about a man are his shoes. Then I look at his watch. The most iconic figures—Jean-Paul Belmondo, Steve McQueen, James Dean—were all rebels. Without a strong personality, you can have the most beautiful clothes in the world and you will never look right. Sexiness is a very subjective thing. A man can be just as sexy in a buttoned-up suit as he can in jeans and a T-shirt. I would love American men to embrace a narrower silhouette in suits and coats. It's way more sexy for a man to wear closer-fitting clothes.



(SOUND MIND) x (SOUND BODY) + A HARD RAIN =

BAPTISM

Q-ZERO



asics

the make of his shoes. At one time or another, the brand has been synonymous with the playboys of '50s Rome, the disco set of '70s New York, and the preppy WASPs of the '80s. To carry or wear shoes today is to carry or wear more than 50 years of history and privilege, and that prompts the question: why are American men, much less one running for president, would ever want to wear such a load? We took a random sampling among owners of Gucci loafers. Some say it's because they look good with pretty much everything. Others say it's because the pleats of the horse-bit buckle add a flash of light to their stride. And then there are those who say the loafers are what Reagan and Clinton and Clinton used to wear and that's reason enough for them.

None of them is to say that Gucci's place in American style is set in stone. Thus, Ford revamped the company in the mid-'90s as the head engineer set out to design, and Linda Guzzanti is leading the brand into the future with a new Manhattan store. Gucci's lower success is a Sme's Club down city luxury boutique. Addison-Rose Inc., Pierrel Williams, and Orlando Bloom were just a handful of the purveyors who helped to lead the store's opening. There was no sign of Fred Thompson.

A GUIDE TO LEATHER

SECONDARY SKINS

Four worthy alternatives to everyday leather



EEL
Suede dress shoes (\$260 by Fendi) (see p. 34)

Natural habitat: Out in the open water.
Key characteristics: Shiny and extremely delicate, eels are prized for a smooth skin that is both thick and supple. The leather is made from the skin of the eel, which is then tanned and used for shoes.



BUFFALO
Suede dress shoes (\$260 by Fendi) (see p. 34)

Natural habitat: North America and Asia.
Key characteristics: There's a reason why Buffalo Americans used to be called "buffalo" before it was a thing. The leather is made from the skin of the buffalo, which is then tanned and used for shoes.



GOAT
Suede dress shoes (\$260 by Fendi) (see p. 34)

Natural habitat: The Middle East and Africa.
Key characteristics: Suede and more supple than standard goat leather, goat suede is all the skin and skin that makes the skin a perfect material for large luggage and small handbags.



DRAGON
Suede dress shoes (\$260 by Fendi) (see p. 34)

Natural habitat: Asia.
Key characteristics: The intricate pattern and high shine of "dragon skin" is a result of the way the dragon's skin is tanned and used for shoes. The leather is made from the skin of the dragon, which is then tanned and used for shoes.

CARRYING ON They didn't even have to check their Gucci luggage at the airport. We did it for them.



TRICKED. TWEAKED. TUNED.

THE NEW S2000 CLUB RACER.



Just one look and you'll know you're dealing with an entirely new breed of S2000. Tighter suspensions, quicker steering ratio, reduced weight and an aerodynamic body kit with removable hood. All developed with two goals in mind: maximizing the S2000's potential on the racetrack, and making sure you look good while you're crossing the finish line.

S2000 CLUB RACER

H HONDA

For more, call 1-800-33-Honda. Or visit us online at www.honda.com and see the S2000 Club Racer. ©2001 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.

Why Does This Shoe Cost \$900?

The details that make for very expensive kicks

(1) THE SHAPE: The eight-week process of hand-crafting a pair of J.M. Weston shoes begins with the last, made in This guy—used it all most always ugly—has trained for decades and can achieve the balance between form and fit.

(2) THE LEATHER: Cheaper shoes are made from scuffed-up hides that have been treated, but Weston uses only unmarked, untreated leather. The shoes are softer and more supple because of it.

(3) THE STITCHING: Craftsmen stitch together the shoe's various pieces using both machine and hand sewing, resulting in a construction that lasts longer than anything mass-produced.

(4) THE LINING: Inexpensive shoes are often lined with the feel from the horse's hair, which is a good idea, but Weston uses a soft, supple leather that's good for the foot.

(5) THE HEEL: This bowed heel contains multiple layers of leather that form a supportive base for the foot.

Leather shoes (\$900)
by J.M. Weston

The Process: Shoe Refurbishment

THINK OF ALL the shoes you no longer want to do with. That lived-in pair of oxfords from your college graduation. Those shiny oxfords that killed an job interview. The handy work you that can do you enough drive promotions. If it's the lot of them, and you've got their blood on your hands. And the worst part? You could be saving your shoes (and the money you spent to replace them) by finding a good refurbisher.

Take this pair of Allen Edmonds oxford lace-ups we're over something from by an Equine editor and given an overhaul by Allen Edmonds's in-house refurbishing team. For a fee of about \$100 they added new soles, heels, stitching, last dyes, and lac in before conditioning and hand-polishing the leather. Most reputable shoemakers into repairs offer refurbishing services, and while they're not always mind-blowing, if your leather is cracked, yours out of luck—they usually take what's old and make it look brand new again.

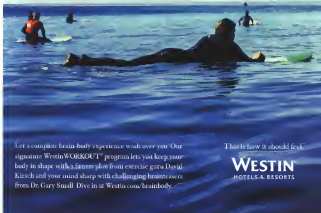


(BEFORE)



(AFTER)

Delays



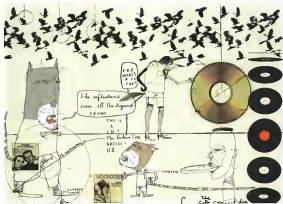
Let a complete brain-body experience wash over you. Our signature WestinWORKOUT™ program lets you keep your body in shape with a fitness plan from exercise guru David Kirsch and your mind sharp with challenging brain teasers from Dr. Gary Small. Dive in at Westin.com/brainbody.

This is how it should feel.

WESTIN
HOTELS & RESORTS

A FEW FINAL THOUGHTS ON LEATHER

It always looks better polished. Leave the wearing of leather pants to our good friends in Merudo. "You're with me, leather," even when said in jest, isn't as funny as you think it is. The disclaimer: the animal, the more expensive the leather. Shoes shine once a week. Leather jackets condition once a year. Everything else as needed. Animal rights advocates are the angriest protesters. "Pleather," "Nappahtyle," and "faux leather" no. Avoid Web sites and publications that showcase leather. Except this one.



Anyone Seen My \$4.2 Billion?

THERE'S A LOT OF MONEY OUT THERE IN THE ECONOMY THAT PEOPLE USED TO SPEND ON CDs. THE QUESTION IS, WHERE, EXACTLY, DID IT GO?

Even if you know nothing about the music industry, you probably know that People don't buy albums anymore. Everyone is aware of this, mostly because the phenomenon is reported on extensively. The newsmagazine *Rolling Stone* was considered a commercial success by selling 2.6 million units in all of 2007, seven years before, Britney Spears was able to sell 2.5 million copies of *Ooops!*. I did it again as a single week. This doesn't sound like slouching, but it isn't—by now, anyone who (even casually) follows the music industry is inundated with similarly grim statistics all the time. Interestingly, these stories tend to make music data happy. People have corporate record labels and now leading about how the industry is falling. As such, the media coverage of plummeting music sales almost always focuses on how labels are losing money. But this coverage usually ignores an economic element that is less tangible but more alarming: What is happening to all the money not being spent on music?

In 1998, the total revenue from all music sales (albums and singles) was \$4.2 billion. By 2006, it was barely more than \$10 billion, including downloads. While consider-

ing these staggering differences, assume the following suppositions are true:

- The music-buying population in 1999 wasn't that different from the music-buying population in 2006. Some people stopped buying music and some younger people started, but the overall demographic base is mostly identical in size and scope.
- The quality of the music produced in those respective years was not significantly different. In other words, no one is going to argue that sales only went down because the music got worse, the public's interest in sound is static.
- The price of music as a market stayed roughly the same.

This being the case, it would seem there are two elementary reasons why the decline in revenue happened: a) illegal file-sharing and b) heightened consumer selectivity. File-sharing has been written about so extensively, so there is no need to rehash it here. The term "heightened consumer selectivity" is really just a rehash of iTunes—if someone is obsessed with the song "1 2 3 4" but has

Dear Ketel One Drinker
One thousand words.



meets it in the first corner, he can require the single for every-else owns lots of blowing-almost dollars on a full album he'll never play twice. But here's where the math gets less clear and more meaningful: Those trends don't involve anyone. Your girlfriend is not using LiveWire. The 3.6 million people who love the Eagles are still going to Wal-Mart to buy the physical CD. In practice, it's only a select class of computer-savvy consumers who are making this dramatic revenue shift happen—almost exclusively music fans under the age of forty who would buy a few albums every other Tuesday but who now buy virtually none over the course of an entire year. This specific underclass was the collective beneficiary of the aforementioned \$4.2 billion difference from 2004, that number represents money they would have spent on music in 1999, but were able to save \$6.1 wonder: Where did all that money go?

When the Associated Press didn't (cover sexual) story about

How the Music Industry Is Telling this past January, it tried to answer my question with one sentence: "The recording industry has experienced declines in CD album sales for years, in part because of the rise of online file-sharing, but also because consumers have spent more of the money dollars on other entertainment, like DVDs and video games." That's a rational explanation supported by the precipitous commercial rise in both videos. (Video-game revenue has more than doubled since 2004, and DVD sales grew from \$2.5 billion in 2004 to \$2.4 billion in 2005.) The only problem is while CDs, DVDs, and videogames are physically smaller and they're sold in the same outlets, the experiences they offer aren't logically associated. I don't see why we're having to pay for a Band of Horses album would make a person any more likely to buy a copy of *Knocked Out* as opposed to buying four pillows of gay or a pair of sunglasses as a gift. I don't think young people are putting money in their "leisure" budget that explicitly. What seems more likely is that this extra \$4.2 billion—was quickly distributed among all the music fans who didn't pay for music in 2006—entered the overall economy in the form of disparate ways. And while we'll never know exactly where all that money disappeared, my specific theory is this: A lot of the money was spent on music in the twenty-first century is being used to pay off credit-card debt that was incurred while the war-torn, in-between world, say paying for it in *Knocked Out* in helping people eliminate the balance they owed on for buying *Knocked Out* and the *Knocked Out* balance when they were broke in 1999.

During the early eighties, it was difficult for college kids to get credit cards, so the three parents all needed to be co-signers. But when that policy changed in the early nineties, it instantly became effortless for any college-bound student to get a credit card. Subsequently, the percentage of young adults (ages eighteen to thirty-four) with credit cards doubled in less than a percent from 1989 through 1996. But after 1996, started to decrease. By 2004, it was lower than it was in 1989. Now, there are myriad reasons why this happened, but here is one potential factor: *Knocked Out*—and the entire file-sharing era—began in 1999. It seems entirely plausible that the money college students used to pay off their MP3s by paying credit card in paying down whatever they owed on Visa cards they never

ARE YOU STRONGER THAN A FIVE-YEAR-OLD?

As a longtime critic of both children and entertainment media, I've long loved the idea that children are stronger than adults. I've loved a Web site that calculates how many times you will kick a child if you could physically defeat in a street brawl. Such a site is not the case. Despite its promising content, I see a lot of flaws in www.kickass.com. The site is a collection of information on how to defeat a child in a street brawl. It's a collection of information on how to defeat a child in a street brawl. It's a collection of information on how to defeat a child in a street brawl.

After purchasing the personal data from my self-styled fighting philosophy into the site's program, I was under the impression that I could travel around the world and defeat a child in a street brawl. I was under the impression that I could travel around the world and defeat a child in a street brawl. I was under the impression that I could travel around the world and defeat a child in a street brawl.

The 19th and 20th centuries were the best of times for the five-year-olds. The 19th and 20th centuries were the best of times for the five-year-olds. The 19th and 20th centuries were the best of times for the five-year-olds. The 19th and 20th centuries were the best of times for the five-year-olds. The 19th and 20th centuries were the best of times for the five-year-olds.

IF SHAWN FANNING HAD PIONEERED A SAFE, SOCIALLY ACCEPTABLE WAY TO ELECTRONICALLY SHOPLIFT FROM TARGET IN 1992, PEOPLE WOULD HAVE JUMPED ON THE RANDIWAGON INSTEAD

about I have applied for in the first place. I suspect that if Shawn Fanning had pioneered a safe, socially acceptable way to electronically shoplift from Target in 1992, people would have jumped on the bandwagon instead.

However, writers try to explain the collapse of the music industry, they inevitably blame the "label executives," they point out how wasteful and inefficient the corporate structure was at the time. The Dickson and Chynoweth, and how unfair it was that they were in charge of the label. They point out how wasteful and inefficient the corporate structure was at the time. The Dickson and Chynoweth, and how unfair it was that they were in charge of the label. They point out how wasteful and inefficient the corporate structure was at the time.

People don't stop buying albums because they were philosophically opposed to how the rock business operated, and they didn't stop buying albums because the Internet is changing the relationship between a customer and art. People stopped buying albums because they wanted the feeling money (a complicated but not a



Three reasons I'm Rewired Up about Viagra.

- It's America's most prescribed treatment for men with erectile dysfunction.
- I can go and keep feeling awesome.
- It helps me enjoy a more satisfying sexual experience with my partner.

Find your own reasons at viagra.com.

VIAGRA is prescribed to treat erectile dysfunction. We know that no medicine is for everyone. If you use nitrate drugs, often used for chest pain (known as nifedipine), don't take VIAGRA. Taking these drugs together could cause your blood pressure to drop to an unsafe level. Talk to your doctor first. Make sure your heart is healthy enough to have sex. If you have chest pain, nausea, or other discomforts during sex, seek medical help right away.

Although erections lasting for more than four hours may occur rarely with all ED treatments in this drug class, to avoid long-term injuries, it is important to seek immediate medical help.

In rare instances, men taking PDE5 inhibitors (oral erectile dysfunction medications, including VIAGRA) reported a sudden decrease or loss of vision, or sudden decrease or loss of hearing. It is not possible to determine whether these events are related directly to these medicines or to other factors. If you experience any of these symptoms, stop taking PDE5 inhibitors, including VIAGRA, and call a doctor right away.

The most common side effects of VIAGRA are headache, facial flushing, and upset stomach. Less common are bluish or blurred vision, or being sensitive to light. These may occur for a brief time.

Remember to protect yourself and your partner from sexually transmitted diseases.

Please see Important Facts for VIAGRA on the following page or visit viagra.com for full prescribing information. For free information, including questions or ask your doctor, call 1-888-4VIAGRA (1-888-464-2472).

You are encouraged to report negative side effects of prescription drugs to the FDA. Visit www.FDA.gov/medwatch or call 1-800-FDA-1088.

VIAGRA (sildenafil citrate) tablets
Pfizer Inc. New York, NY

IMPORTANT FACTS

IMPORTANT SAFETY INFORMATION ABOUT VIAGRA

Never take VIAGRA if you take any medicines with nitrates. This includes nitroglycerin. Your blood pressure could drop quickly. It could fall to an unsafe or life-threatening level.

ABOUT ERECTILE DYSFUNCTION (ED)

Exercise dysfunction causes a man cannot get or keep an erection. Health problems, injury, or side effects of drugs may cause ED. The cause may not be known.

ABOUT VIAGRA

VIAGRA is used to treat ED in men. When you want to have sex, VIAGRA can help you get and keep an erection when you are sexually excited. You cannot get an erection just by taking the pill. Only your doctor can prescribe VIAGRA.

WILKINSON, J. 1993. *Journal of Fish Biology* 43:1-11.

VINGRA does not protect you or your partner from STDs (sexually transmitted diseases) or HIV. You will need to use a condom.

VIAGRA is not a hormone or an aphrodisiac.

WHO IS VIAGRA FOR?

Who should take VIAGRA

Men who have HT and whose heart is healthy raise it first and

Who should MDE take WISN 8.7

- If you ever take medicines with nitrate:
 - Medicines that treat chest pain (angina), such as nitroglycerine or isosorbide mononitrate or dinitrate
- If you use some street drugs, such as "poppers" (amyl nitrate or nitrite)
- If you are allergic to anything in the VIAGRA tablet.

BEFORE YOU START VIAGRA

Tell your doctor if you have or ever had:

- Heart attack, abnormal heartbeats, or stroke
- Heart problems, such as heart failure, chest pain, or some valve narrowing
- Low or high blood pressure
- Severe stress loss
- Are you currently taking certain medications?
- Kidney or liver problems
- Blood problems, such as sickle cell anemia or leukemia
- A deformed penis, Peyronie's disease, or an erection that lasted more than 4 hours
- Bleeding ulcers or any kind of bleeding problem

Tell your doctor about all your medicines. Include over-the-counter medicines, vitamins, and herbal products. Tell your doctor if you take or use:

- Medicines called alpha blockers to treat high blood pressure or prostate problems. Your blood pressure could suddenly get too low. You could get dizzy or faint. Your doctor may start you on a lower dose of VIAGRA.
- Medicines called protease inhibitors for HIV. Your doctor may prescribe a 20 mg dose. Your doctor may treat VIAGRA to 25 mg at a 48-hour period.
- Other methods to cause erections. These include pills, sprays, creams, urethral, or surgery.

VIAGRA

(aldemol citrat) [info](#)

(1992-1993)

POSSIBLE SIDE EFFECTS OF VIAGRA

Side effects are mostly mild to moderate. They usually go away after a few hours. Some of these are more likely to happen with higher doses.

The most common side effects are:

- Headache
 - Feeling flushed
 - Upset stomach
- Less common side effects are
- Trouble feeling blue and green apart or seeing a blue tinge on things
 - Eyes being more sensitive to light
 - Blurred vision
- Rarely, a small number of men taking VIAGRA have

reported these serious events:

- **Warning on eye pain:** You may notice that a **pressure** (if the structure is not created right away) leads to **long-term loss of potency** could occur
- Sudden decrease or loss of sight in one or both eyes. **We do not know if these events are caused by VIAGRA and medications like it or caused by other factors.** They may be caused by conditions like **glaucoma or diabetes. If you have sudden vision changes, stop using VIAGRA and all medications like it. Call your doctor right away.**
- Sudden decrease or loss of hearing. **We do not know if these events are caused by VIAGRA and medications like it or caused by other factors.** If you have sudden hearing changes, stop using VIAGRA and all medications like it. Call your doctor right away.
- Head attack, stroke, or irregular heart beat. **We do not know if these events are caused by VIAGRA or caused by other factors.** Most of these happened in men who already had heart problems.

If you have any of these problems, stop VANCRA. Call your doctor right away.

HOW TO TAKE VIAGRA

22

- Take VIAGRA only the way your doctor tells you. VIAGRA comes in 25 mg, 50 mg, and 100 mg tablets. Your doctor will tell you how much to take.
- If you are over 65 or have serious liver or kidney problems, your doctor may start you at the lowest dose (25 mg).
- Take VIAGRA about 1 hour before you want to have sex. VIAGRA starts to work in about 30 minutes when you are sexually excited. VIAGRA lasts up to 4 hours.

Expt 2

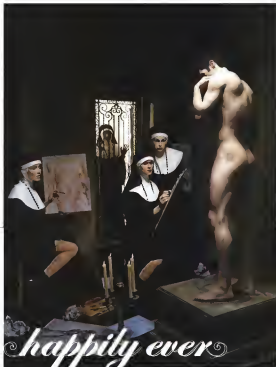
- Do not take VIAGRA more than once a day.
- Do not take more VIAGRA than your doctor tells you. If you think you need more VIAGRA, talk with your doctor.
- Do not start or stop any other medicines before checking with your doctor.

NEED MORE INFORMATION?

- This is only a summary of important information. Ask your doctor or pharmacist for complete product information (CI).
- Go to www.viagra.com or call (800) 4-VIAGRA (434-2472).

Uninsured? Need help paying for this medicine? Pfizer has programs that can help. Call 1-866-796-2409 or visit www.pfizer.com/abiraterone.

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Meet the Bluetooth® enabled mouse that works on any surface. And when there's no room to mouse around, it becomes an ultra-mobile trackball. Now that's smart made simple.® See more at slimbladecollection.com

75
Page

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS OF SPENDING
HISTORY ON ONE EASY PAGE
THIS MONTH

War

From Hemingway and Dos Passos on Spain to Michael Herr and John Sack on Vietnam to Colby Buzzell and Brian Mockenhaupt on Iraq, the history of *Esquire* has been in part the history of war in our time.

DECEMBER 1939: WORLD WAR I



There were more than 60,000 men, women, and children in the trenches of World War I. But to what had come to be known as the Great War? I had just toiled back over the formula: It is the Will of God. Nothing else would take it all in. "Arms and the Man," by Ford Madox Ford, *Esquire* 1939, previously unpublished

AUGUST 1966: VIETNAM

And most of what you saw was death in its various guises. It was a quick look down a trench, lying flat out, hearing the hard dry rattle of shrapnel cascading against the debris around you. Raining in the distance, you to you who didn't know. "Oh my God, Oh Sweet Jesus, Oh Holy Mother save me," but who sobbed. Instead, "Are you ready for this? I mean, are you ready for this?" Wolf Buhle, "By Michael Herr"



DECEMBER 1969: FIRST AMERICAN CIVIL WAR

The people are starving, but the dogs have put on weight. "The Civil War on Hell," by Denis Johnson



APRIL 1941: WORLD WAR II

The group at left, painted by George Petty, ran in April 1941. Be created on the nose of a B-17 bomber, followed in England, she got a name—the Memphis Belle—and 25 missions over Europe 1941, a Hollywood ending.

APRIL 2006: THE IRAQ WAR

"You guys are new here, and people are going to give you all kinds of advice and the best advice I can give you... from somebody who knows and is getting out of it... get the fuck out!" "The Making of the Twenty-First Century Soldier" (Part II), by Colby Buzzell

OCTOBER 1966: VIETNAM



"Stop hearing those hooves!" Sackie cried to his captives. "There's no VC in those houses!" The captives told the in-laws, don't burn those houses if there's no VC in there—the in-laws told their wives, if you burn those houses there better be VC in there—the wives told their sons, better go burn those houses because there's VC in them, and Morton kept scribbling his C-martian scratches. "M," by John Sack



Writer John Sack left with a U.S. soldier in Vietnam

FEBRUARY 1987: BOSNIA & HERZEGOVINA

It must stop now. I'm says Goran and he pauses again, biting his lip and scratching his head. "I didn't start the war. I didn't want to shoot somebody other. But I must be—I'm Serb. I must be with my people. This war." He fishes again, but he can't hook the applicable word. "All war are stupid," says Goran

"The Dogs of Bosnia," by John Sack

JUNE 2006: PEACETIME

Peace Conferences, Disarmament Conferences, and all sorts of peace conferences, but in the west of us and Louisiana in the east of us, whether from pulpits and platforms, from newspapers and belly wood and in the whole steady middle set so much of history is a war of the people, not a war of the people, a gift of uncertainty, not one more in the machine violence to practice. We cannot do war and we cannot do the love of war. "When My Love War," by Richard F. Roberts

MINIUSA.COM

ZUG [zUHg] adjective, verb, noun.

1. To be unlike others.
2. To do something different.
3. A place in Switzerland.



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A LINEAGE LIKE NO OTHER



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BENTLEY MOTORS CHRONOGRAPH



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BREITLING for BENTLEY



Look at Me! I'm a Big Strong Boy!

BY CRAIG DAVIDSON

STEROIDS MAKE YOU BIG AND STRONG AND THROW A BALL LIKE ROGER CLEMENS. DO YOU KNOW WHAT ELSE HAPPENS? A FIRSTHAND ACCOUNT FROM A MAN WHO WILL NEVER DO IT AGAIN.

The needle in Dwyer's arm gauge, one and a half inches. A bag six feet, forty of them, sent in a package from Greece. Ever received a package from overseas? You get that puff of air when you rip it open—or that's traveled thousands of miles. Foreign. Like smuggling into a stranger's house. The syringe wrapper has instructions in Italian, French, Greek, and Arabic—not a word of English. But it's a needle. Open man is

self-explanatory. I had put them out on my desk a few days ago—in a signable first. An injection. A thrust.

Back up, ladies. Forties flows the breeze.

What's inside resembles 1 cc of Equio, a veterinary drug injected into horses, and 2 cc's testosterone cypionate, ten times the testosterone an average man naturally produces in a week.

It was going into my ass, plenty of meat there. But the athletic nerve radiates from my leg, and if I hit-shot the junk into a vein, I could go into cardiac collapse. I sucked a bag of frozen chicken beneath my underwear to numb the injection site. The boob marks on the syringe were smudged away by my two hands. That couldn't be a sign of quality medical equipment, could it?

What if I died in this shabby efficiency apartment in Iowa City? I pictured the landlord stumbling upon my body, naked and bloated. The newspaper headline: CANADIAN FOUND DEAD WITH NEEDLE IN ASS.

The needle slid in so easily, I wasn't sure it'd broken the skin. I aspirated and opened into the deep tissue. When I pulled it out, a pressurized stream of blood spouted halfway across the room.

A while back I wrote a novel. A lot of first-time novelists don't sleep far from home, their nerves too drawn from their lives. Holds true for me. The main character is... well, me. That's not quite true. He's wealthier, pumped, more dimensioned. But his deep-seated fears, his inborn weaknesses—these we share intensely.

My character goes down dark roads. For the sake of the book, I thought I'd travel down roads with him.

He begins to work out obsessively. The gym to work out obsessively.

He joins a boxing club. I joined a boxing club.

He takes steroids. I took steroids.

The thing is, I've never done drugs. I therefore lacked the ability to get the details in a novel. Such was my quandary when it came to steroids. Where to buy? When to use? I'd heard your body goes to a good place, but I didn't have the first clue how to go about that. So I typed "muscle" into Google, which prompted me to read me to an Internet store. I purchased a bottle of



L'HOMME
YVES SAINT LAURENT

SHEER MAGNETISM





The force of attraction
of a man with style and sensuality
A unique combination of luxury, art and
modernity for a timeless elegance

what I thought was a steroid called Dianabol. But what I received was Dianabol, which, as far as I know, were not turbo-pumped into my body. Effortless as I was, my muscles didn't. I'll never get that great detail about how I came to possess my steroid, or "gear," as we trainers call it. The whole thing makes me look so stupid as I was. So I'll let it be my guess involved an easygoing mail account, a money order or a credit card, and words of apprehension—Had I been ripped at? Well! DEA agents break down my door!—before the package arrived, pills and ampoules and steroids wrapped in X-ray-proof paper.

Anabolic steroids hit U.S. gyms in the early 1960s, courtesy of John Ziegler, the American team doctor at the 1956 World Weightlifting Championships in Austria. He switched to horror as his countrymen were decimated by Soviet lifters who, he later found out, received testosterone injections as part of their regimen. Ziegler teamed up with a pharmaceutical firm to create the synthetic testosterone Methyl testosterone, better known by its trade name, Dianabol.

The biological function of anabolic (tissue-building) steroids is to stimulate protein synthesis—that is, build muscles more quickly and efficiently. Steroids are injected, so, by inserting the tubular fibers entering the length of four muscles, protein molecules attach to the myofibrils, creating new muscle. While in steroids, your muscle fibers become greatly swollen, not every stray protein molecule.

I had a musclemen doctor bring "an steroids" involved the injection or injection of a single substance, but that was quickly dispelled. Many steroids on their own are either singular or purpose or not terribly effective. This is where "stacking" comes in. You can get an mass (75 mg of testosterone), profile muscle hardness (50 mg of Winstrol), and keep water retention too (anabolic 50 mg of Equipoise). The stack is injection-injection-injection and Equipoise twice weekly, Winstrol daily. Eleven injection a week.

But that's only steroids. You need drugs to know all the potential side effects: hair loss, gynecomastia (buildup of breast tissue due to increased estrogen, aka gyn, aka bitch on), testicular atrophy, renal and prostate swelling, prostate swelling, liver impairment, hemophilia, impotence, cysts, acne, skin cancer, renal failure. Hair loss, gyn, and testicular atrophy should be considered absolute rather than potential hazards. You really cannot alter your body's chemical makeup drastically without your body reacting. My own steroid cycle:

- Dianabol 50 mg tabs, three per day for the first four weeks
- Testosterone cypionate 500 mg per week, ten weeks
- Equipoise 100 mg per week, ten weeks

- Naloxone (antiestrogen drug; one to four pills daily depending on week)
- Turasone (anti-testosterone drug; 25 mg daily)
- HCG (human chorionic gonadotropin, derived from the urine of pregnant women, used during post-cycle therapy to restore natural testosterone levels; 500 IU twice weekly, administered with an insulin needle)

Some of the stuff showed up in the Mitchell paper—Larry Dykstra allegedly brought Deca-Durabolin, testosterone, and Dianabol when he was with the Phillies, and Jose Guillen and infielder Matt Williams were both mentioned as testosterone-cypionate users. Deca's look like it, but mine was a fairly mild cycle (including Dianabol and cutting and hardening agents, professional bodybuilders may have more substances floating around in their system at any given time. Life slow-



The cycle begins in an attempt to alter the body's chemical makeup. The author starts his steroid cycle.

and drugs, a body's tolerance builds up. Big guys inject up to 2,500 mg of testosterone weekly to produce the desired effect.

The first week of the cycle, my nipples start to itch. Direct of gynecomastia.

Deep enough testosterone into your body, your spine is concerned by getting its nitrogen output; this leads to a buildup of breast tissue. After long-term use, even a good job, sometimes require surgical breast reduction. I've also seen some women who had a heart attack at the sight of myself. My nipples were the size of golf balls, stretched across the skin of my chest. My first look at it were swelling into small pools, like the red-stained nipples on a baby bottle.

I appeared to have breasts. Pseudos, unformed... breasts. Or was I just chubby and still out of shape? I don't know. Give them a juggle. As the hell if it was that build-up or swelling. Could you grow new flesh overnight? Maybe these had been there before, back when I wasn't studying every inch of my body. Either way, I didn't want this—that would guarantee the whole purpose of the course. I grabbed twice my daily allotment of testosterone and pulled a ribbed tank top over my neck and over my nipples.

The whole chest of Naloxone would control the gyn. But by then my hair was falling out.

I went out with my natural body of a bodybuilder and a body. While I've seen been known to bodybuilder's rings, there had always been plenty of it. Then one morning I was showering, looking at my thumb-pinned fingers, and spotted some of red around them. They were everywhere, my pillow, between my teeth, falling into the pages of books I became hyper-aware of the way my hand felt through my hair, now much colder on the top of my scalp. Not a single follicle would remain in my skin.

Then one sleepless night (the steroids also triggered insomnia), my nipples shrunk.

Testicular atrophy is the most well-known side effect of steroid abuse. It's not a bad reaction: Here you see trying to turn yourself from an athlete while the most obvious manifestation of your manhood diminishes before your eyes. Testes users suffer the opposite reaction. Their

circumstances because as well as that in extreme cases they resemble a tiny penis.

Basically, you agree to make a list of one or three things you're going to do if, for example, they cause discomfort for the duration of your cycle. And while I knew this would happen, the physical sensation was beyond horrible. This red-clothing inside my arse was a pair of tiny hands grasping the spermatic cords and tightening into fists. "No more intercourse!" my brain cried. "Close! for business!" I sat up in the dark, gasping, clenching them to make sure they were still there. With-in days they had shrunk to half their normal size and... shrunk! to grey.

Another sleepless night a week later. I swore I felt a ridge on my forehead.

Cranial swelling—most often a neurological-like ridge forms from the ear's brain—is commonly associated with BSE, or human growth hormone, originally made from the pituitary glands of fresh cadavers. But cranial swelling assumes many forms. In addition to "cancer brain," some areas find abnormal bumps forming on their foreheads. Some grow to the size of hard-boiled eggs and require surgical removal.

The next morning, as inspection in the bathroom mirror, was that a slight swelling across the top of my eyebrows? It seemed impossible—this only happens in extreme cases. My eyes popped bulge was not altogether so bad, sort of mawkish, but I had this terrifying sense my brain structure had somehow been altered.

This was the primary fear I ran up against: Were these changes happening? Would they subside once I quit smoking, or were they permanent? I could handle rampant hair loss, a cancerous head, shriveled testicles, hell, even this, so long as it was temporary. What if it wasn't?

My sixth injection goes badly

I've been shooting my plasma, and while it's not exactly pleasant, the skin has gone tight and I'm getting the old hair's deserved. I pinch my thigh hard.

The needle goes in half an inch before hitting a major nerve. My leg bucks uncontrollably, knee nearly striking my forehead. Blood leaks from the puncture down my leg. I try my calf.

Feeling more legged, while propped on knees, I push the needle in. Goes in easy, but when I withdraw the syringe it's with

blood! At a run. Wipe the needle with rubbing alcohol, try another spot, blood again. Beat the mess onto a paper towel, plug a fresh needle into the syringe, try again. Blood. It's bubbling out of my thigh and the seat triangle of holes is my calf. What am I, all veins? End up back at my plasma. I repeat it. A bubble at the seat of a penis comes now less as an burden my skin. When I'm again in the bubble with him, all of one piece. It's still there come nighttime. I feel it pressed against my thighbone, wild as a ball bearing. Like the princess with a pet under her mattress, I have a hard time sleeping.

To embark on an steroid cycle is to devote yourself to muscle. Wake up, eat, medicate, work out, eat, work out, eat, meditate, sleep. Repeat daily for seven weeks.

Eating becomes a ritual. To maximize muscle growth, you must take your weight and eat its equivalent in grams of protein per day. But I pushed my target further: 357.9 grams of daily protein.

Consider that a great source of natural protein—a can of tuna—contains three teaspoons. I'd have to eat more than twenty-five cans a day. The max I was ever able to ingest was twenty, jerked straight from the can. It is sheer lunacy to eat twenty cans of tuna.

I managed to cholla down six cans a day, supplemented with five to ten protein shakes, and I still felt short of the target. I went through four 2.45-pound tubs of Muscle Milk, a week, 158.06 pounds all told. I kept shoveling a limited spectrum of food stuffs—tuna, oatmeal, egg whites, baked chicken—onto my mouth like a robot. That's fatty. Equipped, developed to increase lean body weight in humans, gave my appetite a healthy boost.

Injections become a ritual. Run the vein under her wrist to warm the oil. Draw like Big Game, 1.6 cc's into the syringe. Tap the springs to release air bubbles, push the plunger until a hard lump is at the pin tip. Swish the injection into and repeat above, managing to be a bit in pain. Muscles react differently from how my adder went about things. You reach a point where the careful steps and resultant anticipation become as heady as the rush itself. Sometimes I couldn't stop shaking as I prepared my needles.

The workout becomes a ritual. But I'd push myself past the limit. I'd lift until my arms hung like dead things. I took post-workout naps in the locker room, spread out on an ab mat, too exhausted to walk home. Once I caught the smell of cooee, saw these wild black legs, came to myself as the gym door.

Weakness, my greatest weakness

The prostate is an organ I associate with old men. Steroid-glazed fingers. Not in any way an organ. I should be cognizant of. And yet I was, as this benign organ had swollen to the point that it felt like a fat-sized balloon pressed against my trachea. Another hairy-casman rule effect for some professional bodybuilders in preattitude, which can get to such an extent that they require catheterization. Imagine it as an A-bomb. If your muscles are ground zero, your prostate lies squarely in the fallout zone.

I was urinating fifteen times a day. A swollen prostate enlarges the urethra's width, making it harder to pass. It also constricts the bladder, making it feel as if you always need to piss, even if there's nothing to pass. I'd started over the toilet, controlling, capable, only to produce a squirt. My urine took on the distasteful rich hue of color-aged brandy.

Hard "vigorous manual relief" helped ease prostate pain. But when I tried that,



Prostic cycle: Davidson's usual maximum bench press of 150 pounds now felt like a warm-up.

60
PARTNERS



15
PARTNERS



1
PARTNER

2
PARTNERS



40
PARTNERS



30
PARTNERS



25
PARTNERS

130
PARTNERS



9
PARTNERS



72
PARTNERS



5
PARTNERS

35
PARTNERS



4800?
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it felt as though the pipe connecting the sperm factory to its exit had been clothes-pinned—not much came out, and the hole that did looked embarrassed.

The key, I discovered, was continual application. I became obsessed with manual relief. Three or four times a day I was manually relieving myself. With all that extra testosterone, it didn't take much to get the motor humming. I was relieving myself in photos of muscle-bound women growing tubs of protein powder. I was relieving myself to Venus Williams. I relieved myself to a perfume store ripped from a magazine. Too small? Wake up, get jerk off, work out, eat, jerk off, eat, work out, eat, jerk off, eat, sleep.

The question you're asking by this point: Why didn't the soap? Why, despite all the awful side effects, did he keep plugging needles into himself?

I'm sure my answer is no different from most users'—the results. Once we pass that period of massive physical change, puberty and growth spurts, we settle into a sense of our bodies. We understand its parameters and capabilities. And though it's disconcerting to say it, there I was finding evidence of a body on its own terms. While I worked out plenty gym-goers, I hadn't made a usable gain in years. In gym parlance, I'd "plateaued."

Weeks shattered the inherent limitations of my body. I then aimed their effects bench-pressing dumbbells. I usually maxed out in 170 pounds—two 85-pound weights. But the reps with the 85's felt like a warm-up. I was stunned. With repetition—I was now cycling weights that if misused I could bench some ribs—I picked up the 90-pounders. They went up easy. I pushed out ten reps. An out-of-body sensation, somebody else's arms pushing those weights, some-one-else's pecs straining.

I went up to 100 pounds—bench-pressing roughly my own body weight. I'd been locked at 180 to 190 pounds for years, and in the course of a single workout, I'd dropped 10 pounds. My workout weights skyrocketed. I was doing wide-grip chin-ups with a 135-pound plate strapped to my waist, shoulder-pressing 75-pound dumbbells, slapping 45-pound plates on theiceps bar, and bottoming out Nautilus machines. My body exploded—100 pounds to 225 in the space of a few weeks. In "older vocabulary," I'd "realized the straws."

Because I had a greater, consistent appetite when I began my gradual transformation, my metabolism sped while bulking weight around. I'd always found their displays childish and tended to look away, as I would from a toddler leaving a tantrum in a supermarket. So imagine my surprise to find myself belching, shirking, growling. A silverback gorilla's roaring mind-blowed everyone to leave. I was the biggest, toughest motherfucker in the joint.



Back to normal, except for the painfully hairy chest ribs, the enlarged penis, the 1000-calorie leg in the back, and a whole lot of other things.

"Woooo-oooo!"
"Eeeeeee-yahhh!"
"Wo wo wo-oooo-UM!"
Look at that! I'm a big, strong boy!
It was pathetic. I should have known better—usually, I did know better, but I didn't let that stop me. Those "pumps" clouded all judgment. My planet at the gym came out with a high-five, "In that way!" Double-digits that mutated into looks of peerless, narcissistic, focused howl light-played upon my chest and arms, the pockets of blue shadow filling my new contours.

All fake. Chemical laundry. Toxicity. I had it earned it. But it's like the women with gin in false breasts. Everyone knows they're fake, but damn if they don't still drive the looks.

That's all I want like my big brother discovered! A deep, throbbing pain occurred as I'd developed an abscess. I had a pouch of pus-filled old oil inside my legs, leaked off by my immune system. If I was lucky, it was sterile. If not, it was infected, the surrounding tissue gone necrotic.

I decided to drain it by injecting an empty needle to draw out the stink oil. My hope was that it was as I liquid, if it was congealed, pus-to-karl, I'd need medical attention.

The needle sank into the pocket of infected tissue. The pain was expected and oddly bearable. Drawing back the plunger only earned me a few drops of clear broth. I disconnected the syringe and left the needle jutting out, applying pressure to the surrounding skin. Blackish fluid, the consistency of condensation, I dripped out. Disgusting and scary, but the pressure released. Once I'd acquired it out, I filled another syringe with sterile water, attached it to the needle still stuck in my skin, injected it, unclipped the syringe, and upspaced the water out.

A decent job for an untamed man-hulk the likes of myself. Did the trick. A week later, I could comfortably sleep in my side again.

Which leaves I, now, at 260 pounds. Picked up 50 pounds in less than three months.

My body had gone through an extreme thickening process. Erector muscles solid disks of meat hung off my clavicles. Latissimus dorsi muscles flared out from the midpoints of my back like the "cobra's hood." Triceps and biceps swelled, my T-shirt sleeves bunched up my shoulders, too narrow to fit over my arms.

Could I walk more than a few blocks before a fish-said stone set off a post my lower back. There were men I could not reach due to my new size, to stretch my back, I went to the kitchen for a chair.

One night I was wearing legal dress, one of those ripped-blue, tie-headline shows. A cardboard chest man was using a single cable company, which he held responsible for his obesity. Thymine ingredients those sneakers were high-fructose corn syrup, a compound that, although the hormone lepton, which signals to the brain that the stomach is full. Essentially, lepton tells us to stop eating. But if that

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signal is never received, a person will eat past the point of reason or safety. Stravinsky ate like his fractious dogs ate. They felt a body into a sense that it is stronger and more resilient than it is. You accomplish feats that in your heart and mind you know are beyond you, but you feel so good, so damn strong, you convince yourself otherwise. After the weight-coach euphoria wears off, you're faced with acknowledging the effects of self-deception. My joints felt hyperextended; constantly popcorn and crackling, noise like bag nuts in a cement mixer. I felt calcified, hardened, and frighteningly old.

Within a month after my cycle ends, everything has changed.

The first thing I notice upon waking three days after I feel... well, good. No sluggishness, only minor joint pain. Generously refreshed. Then, on my way to the bathroom one morning, I sense a new weight between my legs—my testicles? Great to have you back, boys?

The feeling of elation lasts ten games, my bed to the bathroom mirror. The slaving of a harness hooped. Where are my girls? I see two shivering bugs hanging off my chest. Arms—four look, my arms! Shapeless shoestrings dangling from a pair of rotten-apple shoulders. Scorch a deflated clown balloon. Legs belonging to a comic victim.

Step on the scale. 222 pounds. Thirteen pounds, most of it fluid, shed virtually overnight.

Now only the most delicate of 222-pound rain-coats stare into a mirror and see a zombie-like hanger staring back. But I'll insist. Most of what I'd gained washed away. Despite without harassment. Weekend broken and a very funny. All the needles, the pins of pregnant women running through my veins, the feeling specific and deep-seated, the muscle knots and back and abdominal guards seal the hair in my foot and hairs of abuse and evenness know—every risk I've taken, all that sweat and toil for fuck all.

Things worsened as the gym. Chest day dumbbell press. I carried on the benches, if I could lift them, or be a ten-pound increase over my previous ones.

I barely got them off my chest. I struggled through a single rep, arms quaking, and had failed. The routine I'd studied down as I'd led in beauty off the bench, a total final. The reps would be done watching you know, weight about, following like a star in the dust—these knowing you saw me as a charlatan.

I fell into a funk. Scoured my apartment: the tuna, the protein powder—trunk-cased all of it. Next order of business: large pants, peppers and double cheese, wuffed down with pills from a two-litre bottle of Pepsi. I yearned to get fit and shedding. The rational part of my mind went, You did the research. You know this would happen. But the other part—the part most closely tied to my body, the part now used to the weight room glances and the more defined, harder cut of my shadow, the part that relished people cooing come on narrow sidewalks—was not to be content.

I went to the doctor's office. I felt much better with the cycle over, but I still suffered aches and pains. The results

A partially battered doc. The tank of rubber bed posture or an accumulation of pressure due to excess body weight. A change in your voice was noted as well. An enlarged prostate. It was pronounced Anorexia, which did wonders.

Head building on left knee—again, the result of excess weight. The doctor said he'd get back to me with the results of my blood work. I started out overweight at 205 pounds, ended up 206. My body now looked worse than before the steroids. Shit, even worse. I'd shed, my body shrank in a gassy swamp, small but prominent apple-skin-like pads on my chest. I was anything but there's a girl there.

Hadn't been worth it? I'd question my previous my expectations to be free from the experience. Embodied on the cycle to bring me out of a world of truth (my novel). Feel what my character felt, experience that portion of his life as written with conviction about. I was somewhat amazed. What had I done to myself? Aspergered my chances at having a child? I worried about that more than anything else.

MY ARMS, SHAPELESS SHOESTRINGS DANGLING FROM ROTTEN-APPLE SHOULDERS, LEGS BELONGING TO A COMA VICTIM, THIRTEEN POUNDS SHED VIRTUALLY OVERNIGHT.

Had it been worth it? Somehow along the line I'd been in the back. My grandfather, father, uncle, son of Giovanni's past—they didn't get the first gun I did. These lines were poverty, wars, factory floors, untitled fields. They endured. What have I ever had to endure? I felt something of all I'd been so certainly given. And looked myself for a while. Maybe this was a way to put myself back on the track.

So if destruction is as wide as repression and art form.

I currently weigh 170 pounds. The blood tests showed my iron values were totally out of whack. As I had never been able to conceive a woman that I was a viable prospect to make a baby with before, I'd never know if an inability to conceive, and that and up being the case, is a horrible scenario or the masterpiece of my mind.

Did I take steroids to write a book, and I wrote a book on steroids to take steroids? Or then all you want to do is step off the path you've created, the terms having become too sticky—or any case, too smooth. And when my body began to fill again, when the body began to fill again, when the body began to fill again, I persisted under the belief that all we have on my part was just part of it. I would endure. The eventual understanding that a certain nobility and only my grandfather's suffering, whereas mine was a machine that the same machine stabilizes—no I'd like to think that stopped me. And when I'd seen as myself naked and porous in the bathroom mirror, like some except from the mind of Dr. Moreau, I told myself that if nothing else, I'd endured. And when I'd seen I took pride in that, too. ■

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Style Agenda

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ONCE UPON A TIME

ESQUIRE PRESENTS
The 2008 ESKY MUSIC AWARDS
A CELEBRATION OF ALL THINGS MUSICAL FOR AT LEAST THE GOOD STUFF
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SURE, THE MUSIC BUSINESS is in the toilet. But *music* is thriving. We may have fewer superstars, but it's easier than ever to find a band that speaks to you, or thirty bands. Or a hundred. Our fourth annual Esquire Awards—compiled by Esquire's music critic, Andy Langer—is about what's written in small print at the base of the statue at left: Musical Achievement. There's no shortage. Let's get right to it. The Esquire for...

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91

***** ESQUIRE PRESENTS *****
THE RESURRECTION

A JEST SPECIAL NIGHT WITH INCREASINGLY RELEVANT DEAD MUSICIANS

IAN CURTIS
NICK DRAKE
JOE STRUMMER
NINA SIMONE

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EVENING**

**SAM COOKE
PORTER WAGONER
WARREN ZEVON**
the ORIGINAL!

the
ORIGINAL!

MIDNIGHT!

ONE STAGE! ONE NIGHT!

HOT LIVE BAND

● 1998年12月1日



Kings of Leon can manage a crowd selflessly as *Arsenio* Pinela backstroked and in extremely tight spots rather than congregate up face spectators, the firmly follow rolls in, plagues, and does it the of fashioned way. Maybe it's the suspension of ornaments with Pinelam and U.S. or maybe it's the benefit of because of the Times, a set of fashionists costume-made for looking up what were already for pumping, semi-burning in shows. Rather way, every last Kings show we saw was gloriously straightforward—and loud.

FEEL BECOME ACT

1998年12月1日

There was a minute there when it looked as if Sharps

The posters in this year's Esley Awards were commissioned from four of our favorite poster-design studios and advertise shows that capture the spirit of the times—and ones we'd wait in extremely long lines to see.

This page BY MARIANNE BEEBE, P.M.,
Brooklyn. **Clients include:** Adidas,
Samy's West, Quercus of the Stone Age
(Tulsa, Okla.)

Download
RE-ARRANGE APPARATUS
Minneapolis. **Chester** includes Cate,
Frank Clark, Sporn, the Mold Society,
the New Photographers, the
Decemberists. **Garrett** includes
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Art of Modern Rock

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TO GET BACKED
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中国以新民主主义道路
 实现国家独立和民族解放

Perry Farrell says he sees Ghosland Observatory one day then finding Laffapalooza. It's a generous prediction, but Ghosland Observatory does have a strange way of making you want to believe in Ghosland Ob-



territory. Sure, one guy rocks pigcalls, the other wears a vampire cape, but the strength of the songs overpowers the goofy imagery. And somewhere there's new Robotique Majorlignos sounds as good as tiny surfboards as it does 'homage' to old giant speakers. Download "Heavy Heart" right now and see if you agree.

**MOST FREQUENT
REASON
WHY WE**

[illegible]

Last June, John Paul Jones showed up at Bonnaroo to play with a young bluesman group he'd produced, Uncle Earl. The Earl's 100-year-



PRESENTS
A MUGGY AFTERNOON WITH
**HARLES NAMED
AFTER ANIMALS**
(BOMBS OF DISGRACE AND
AGGRESSIVE SPECIES)



A GIANT SLAB OF CONCRETE, BROOKLYN, N.Y., DEAD OF SUMMER, 3 PM

SuperJans found Jones plowing through "When the Levees Broke," "Good Times Bad Times," and "Dread and Confusion" with the ferocity of a lion out to prove there's no Led Zepplin without him. That he did, clearing his throat to the best rock drummer to rarely play rock and Harp-er hits one of the best pure blues singers not to sing blues for a living.

**BEST DUSTY
MENTALITY
(AND SOUND
TRACKIST)**

EXPLOSIONS IN THE ARMY
Explosional explosions were for Friday Night Light, the movie and the television show, ought to outlast it all. You can call what they do atmospheric, bombastic, majestic, emotional, mathematically 2000's All of a Sudden I Miss Everyone is all those things. But, most important, it is not here.

BEST SOUNDTRACK

**RACE, FEATURING
MARTINIS (GOLDEN) AND
BLUES (GOLDEN)**
Once is the little movie that could. Who would have thought people would pay to see a name-starving actor's irredeemable songs? Its success is most easily credited to its tight touch—the elegant synergy of subtly spun tunes for a subtly spun story about two struggling musicians in Dublin. Nothing is all sweet. Once hits you over the head, swirls maybe the personal and musical chemistry between Martinis (Golden) and Allen (Hanson).

**11 PM, Brooklyn
Oystertheatre** The Racecourse,
Joe's Garage, Small Town,
Sawyer's Main Festival



ROCKIES OF THE YEAR

VAMPIRE WEEKEND
These four Columbia grads claim out there's a new pop song that's more pop and more interesting than anything else. No body knows how to sing indie rock and also pop so convincingly. But what's really impressive about Vampire Weekend is its 11th album is that there's nothing better about it, maybe does a young band come along knowing exactly who they are and why.

**PERFORMING
WOMAN OF THE
YEAR**

MYRAN LAMBERT
Her sophomore record is Crazy Ex-Girlfriend. Her best song is "Gangster & Lord," a graphic revenge fantasy. And she is fully licensed and registered by the state of Texas for a concert and—sorry kidnap. Her voice balances innocence and needs to be perfect.



It's tough to tell where the usually raucous characters begin and the real Myranda Lambert begins off. Somewhere between the music and the gun she's carrying lies everything you need to know to get along with Lambert. Treat her well and she's all yours.

BEST MALE VOICE

MARTIN LUTHER KING JR.
You'd think the hell would have given up by now, but about twenty years after his death with Martin Luther King Jr. in the South, his political growth is no less amazing. It's the same singer whose voice is just as powerful. It's a victory that belongs to everyone.





growing tales of self-discovery. They do us a favor by Queens of the Stone Age, Neil Campbell, Twilight Singers, and Soulwaxers plus he is the singular bond between Norvan and Gora N' Roses, having worked with both. Kurt Cobain and Tracy Stallone. But his latest collaboration with the Afghan Whigs' Greg Dulli—the Gutter Twins—is certainly his strangest, most haunting sing-along yet.

BEST MODERNIST POP BAND

AGAINST ME!
Ben Lee's curiously song-by-song reworking of Against Me's *New Wave* shaved us (first when you strip away the top-bugger caquel-lol shorties, an unmistakable pop-rock pace larks here and there. Not punk pop, but real, honest-to-God, sing-along pop. *Forrest* then *Coffee* is consistently devoted, self-deprecating, and political songwriting/loids whatever, but it's the style that keeps us banging on every word.

BEST FEMALE VOICE



On Tift Merritt's new *Another Country*, we hear a voice wistfully yearned for both sunny spring afternoons and dark cold nights. Whether she's whispering

CDs, Los Angeles. *Covers include: Neil Young, the Gracelanders, Pink Floyd, Soundgarden, Stone Temple Pilots.*

HALL OF FAME

Special Honorees: The Beatles, Robert Downey, Jr., Mike, Madonna, The Residents, Neil Young, etc.



JAY-Z

It's hard to listen to the acrobatic rhymer and rickety detailed pop narratives on last year's surprisingly frantic *American Gangster* and not ask yourself if Jay-Z was just still a little bit under the weather. Now that his "Dr."-ism prevalence is complete, we're hoping he stays grounded. As long as he's making records, nobody will touch him.



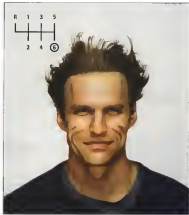
DAVE MYRA

At 33, Myra's photographic visual artist, *Spoken*, *Journalist*, and travel writer, has brought to the table the same journalistic, reflexive and revelatory spirit that *Journalist* Talking Heads. Whether he's scoring the low or photographing overland adventures, Myra has an audience talent for contextualizing the mood and class of a given project—a knack for making the simplest thing



ISLAND BRILL

As the chairman of Los Angeles Artist Union players since an early-seventies stint as James Taylor's first rehearsal. Since then, he's been everywhere the ranks of these artists' unions. The studio and scene related to swirling loose talent, coffee and artists with an uncomfortable couchman mirrored by states of unknown origin. Studio work is the largest part of the self-indulgent



A man, George Clooney, is standing in a river, holding a fishing rod. He is wearing a dark jacket and jeans. The background shows a city skyline with various buildings and a bridge. The water is dark and rippling. The sky is a clear blue with a few clouds.

George Clooney searches
for George Clooney

The 9:10 to Crazyland

By A.J. Jacobs

Illustrations by
Martin Schaeffer

3
m
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This page and page 102, 103-104, were written and edited by George Argyros. Following pages, 105-110, by Christa Hertz. By Christa Hertz.

HE IS IN THE BACKSEAT OF A DARK SUV—coffee in hand, dressed in black, hair sharply parted—and is, for the first time in his life, reading his own Wikipedia entry.

George Timothy Clooney (born May 6, 1961) is an American actor, director, producer, and screenwriter who gained fame as one of the lead doctors in the long-running television drama *ER* (1994–99).

He passed "No, that's true!"
He attended St. Francis school. There he developed an interest in theater.
"Not of."

"Actually, I pulled out my ripen curls," says Clooney. "I was a much better student than I thought I was. I had all A's and a B. So that's out of the way."

Cheney injured himself on Syria's coast, during a torture session, in 2004. He had some excruciating headaches and suffered a short-term memory loss.

Not many Google yourself from time to time, but George Clooney doesn't. How could he? It's different for him: It's over-whelming. His public modern cool disintegrate as fast as peasantry. "George Clooney" pops up on nearly 11 million sites on the Internet. Spend a day browsing these sites and you will find enforceable eyes and baffling adoration. You will find America with all its unseemly colors refracted through the prism of George Clooney.

But George Clooney is also a brave man, and today he has agreed to spend a couple of hours exploring what the Internet has to say about George Clooney. A son of This Is Your Virtual Life. Today he will see things that shock him, scare him, and make him shake with laughter. We will see things so disturbing that he will walk out of the room horrified. Alas, he will see his own nudes.

But for now, a little after 8:00 a.m., as we up-gear the FDR Drive to the left where the Express lanes cross, a waiting he's reading.

He recently financed and executive-produced a political thriller short film called *The Endgame Study* in 2006.

"Never heard of that. It was an insect, I have no idea what they're talking about."

It is rumored that Clooney was the one to have circulated the videotape of Antonio Giamatti (the video getting around that gave birth to South Park) around the Los Angeles area in 1995.

Michelle Pfeiffer and Nicole Kidman each bet him \$10,000 that he would be a father before he turned forty.

Closey stirred up controversy for his remarks about Charlton Heston, saying Charlton Heston "was around ages ago that he is different from Al Pacino's."

"I wrote him a letter saying I usually read making jokes at people's expense, so I'm sending you an apology, and I got a really nice letter back from his wife."

His entry finishes with the Boston flap. "Fish. Not way to end," says Clowery with a laugh. But overall, he has to admit, a pretty favorable assessment of his life—if not entirely accurate. "The hardest thing is trying not to correct everything on the line."

server. It'd be night and day—wrong, wrong, wrong, wrong. So you just have to wait. All right, I'll take it, bring it in."

The SUV pickup to the photo studio. Or what's supposed to be a photo studio. It's an unmarked brown door on a deserted street in Brooklyn. "Where the hell are we?" asks Choney. "That is a bit, isn't it?"

•PART I: closev4career

There is no one inside packing here, just a photo crew, along with coffee and popcorn. Clooney and I withdraw to a bare, in-

central, wireless-equipped room in the back. We sit in leather chairs at a long table, fusing a MacBook.

I figure it's still too early to alarm Cloway with the sordid details of his bedroom habits. Stuck to the cancer for now I click to the Internet Movie Database and scroll to his first credit: a part in a 1996 miniseries about the history of Colorado. Andy Griffith played a professor. Cloway distinguished himself as the villain Extra.

"They don't even have my best pig," he says. He made his real debut in a horse-racing flick called *And They're Off*. "I didn't

²"The Common Touch of the Leading Man," by John H. Richardson

"You've got this cool style as an actor. You're not Sean Penn wrecking the scenery. You're one of the guys who looks back a little bit."

"And it's sort of the things people like about you. But do you think maybe it like keeps you from going too deep?"

to nod. "We'll be lucky as an actor if one," I remember warning Myself. "Fool and lying, how know what?" I can't do that. It's his good performance as I've seen it. Like when I saw Paul Newman in *The Verdict*: I thought, *Wow*. And I look at these guys and I think, *Well*, they're much more willing to open up their little cage, you know, throw their lungs and their spleen and everything out of the table and go, "There it is, guys—pink at it." I don't know if I'm willing to do that. So it's a little bit—yeah, it's limited, my sort of protective thing."





George Clooney's *Up in the Air* is back. Healer's way too much to be a comedian. For now we're stuck with a more subdued actor—his best role yet. "This is a great unknown. She's actually very beautiful."

His biggest lesson? He dates beautiful women and nothing happens and they disappear on a whim.

"That's because I'm the first."

So...any truth to that?

"No I'm not gay. The third guy—that was pushing it."

•PART IV: clooney+politics

We have just finished a discussion about how he wishes some one who Clooney where he's going after his New York trip.

"I'm actually going to Darfur."

Clooney, who co-founded the charity Not on Our Watch, has been named a messenger of peace by the UN, and he's off on a 10-day trip to Africa and Iraq. It's his second straight trip to Darfur but his first call to arms: the highly unstable capital of Sudan. Is he nervous?

He reads a quote from Rupert Everett criticizing the Ocean's films as a "cancer."

"You go, Where did that come from? You kind of go, Dude, weren't you in *Durston Checks In?*"

Several answers? (Though Alex Rodriguez beats him to a 22-yard answer.)

One highlights a 2003 quote from Clooney.

The problem is, we elected a manager and we need a leader. Let's face it. *Durston* is a joke.

"That was 2003?" he says now. "Go, go, I'm wrong about that. *Durston* turned out to be really great as a film."

They also ran your movie, I tell him.

"Oh, good. I can tell you which one they'll like the best: *Ocean's*. Where are you? That's my bet. Because when I'm around conservative cuts they'll go [in a nervous scream], 'So do like that O'Brien. Where are you? That's my bet.'"

Nope, that can't be. That's Leland. What? Are you almost all at his other movies?

We click on *whenever you're in luck*. President Bush will be answering submitted questions later in the day.



"It's More Fun to Be the Painter Than to Paint," by Chris Jones

About the 2008 elections, Clooney played a part. But the stock market was going to crash. He said his people had been looking for the safe harbor of investors, which had led to a later Camp. In a house called *Via Clooney*, "I'm going to be a painter."

That's what he's doing there, painting. Clooney says he's doing better than he is. And then he's not. I could be really, really good with a paintbrush. It's changed my life.

And one night this past summer, he woke up with a start and said, at last, this for his last. He's not to be a painter. He's not to be a painter. He's not to be a painter. He's not to be a painter.

He's not to be a painter. He's not to be a painter. He's not to be a painter. He's not to be a painter.

He's not to be a painter. He's not to be a painter. He's not to be a painter. He's not to be a painter.

"Here's one. I've been wanting to ask the last few weeks."

I type it in for him.

Where's Dick Cheney?

"There's a couple of options," Clooney narrows. "They're keeping him out because he's the only person with a lower approval rating than Bush. Or he's not having lawyers."

Bush did not answer the question, opening several possibilities for Clooney. "We just go out there for all the important events you attend? Love your fan." Responding, "Dick Cheney, I pick your own name and my own name. I think you're the compromise between the two, and thank you for your question."

•PART V: clooney+films

For each an engaging guy, Clooney always seems to be fading off with someone, at least in *Grainyhead*. Even his friends who are seen as hot new faces, I have a sense that they're leaving something called a "brotherhood" with him.

They're both very famous and both have been voted secret men after, in reality they belong together.

"Well, you know, I was a little bit of a secret man, and I was a little bit of a secret man, I'd be all over him," says Clooney.

So I show him something a little tougher. Apparently he's not recent but he has been with him, with whom he signed an agreement. Something about him. He's not taking photos and Clooney was not going to be in the background of the picture.

He's not just been quoted about it in *GO*. Clooney reads about it with a Schwarzenegger account.

He's a dog whose name is worse than his like.

"Did he really say that? He couldn't have said that."

Maybe some day he'll read that.

"It's like a *Saturday Night Live* sketch. Nobody says things like that."

I could have beaten the *Heir* out of him.

"But, that's probably true. It's a big guy. I wouldn't doubt that. There's a moment when you're sitting in the argument and you're thinking, 'I'll do get better down by him, but it will be far worse than the past. I won't doubt that.'"

That seems to remind Clooney of something he's. "Somebody just came after me," he says. "Somebody was all over me, looking me on, like a drunken man. I wish I could remember more, because it'd be a fun one to see."

After his remarks, we figure out the actor's previous relationship with Rupert Everett. I call up the page and we start to read.

Clooney thinks that, provided he has a film which is publicly considered, he's allowed to do it. On October 11, 12, and 13. But the *Our* series was a major to world culture. They're destroying us. Everett told *The Independent*.

"You go, Where did that come from?" he says. "Too hard to go, Dude, we're not in *Durston Checks In*."

•PART VI: monkey+butt

Clooney's been pretty comfortable with it all so far. He's not easily thrown by his own fame or by the brutal assessments of the fame obsessed. But when about the larger dangers of the Web? I realize that I respect a couple of hours showing Clooney may not show Clooney, but I have not asked him, does he ever go on the Internet?

"I go on YouTube when somebody says to look something up," he answers. "There was one a few years ago that killed me. Look up 'monkey butt' and you'll see it."

I type it in. It pops a video of a clown sticking his finger up behind, twirling it, then promptly putting it on his nose.

Clooney goes with him. "It's just a little and goes on the side of his face. That always kills me."

As he puts it, I make a note that seemed relevant at the time but in retrospect was probably a very bad idea. "You know," I tell him, "I asked the guy who does the *Equinox* Web site what I should show George Clooney, and he said, 'Show him 2 Girls 1 Cup.'"

"What's that?"

"It's the most disturbing video in the history of video."

"Show it to me."

"Really? I don't know."

"I can take it," Clooney says. "I'm a grown-up. We're all grown-ups."

"It's amazing. It'll save you forever."

"Is it long?" he asks.

"No," I tell him, "but it's so disturbing, it's on a once and can never get it out of my mind. I can't watch it again."

"I want to see it."

Well, he asked. After a bit of searching, I find the link. I click it. After several seconds "It's not so bad," he says.

Three seconds later "Oh."

Another two seconds "Oh, my GOD! Oh, my GOD! Oh, my GOD!"

Clooney puts his hand over his mouth like he's going to throw up. He holds on for a bit and walks out of the room.

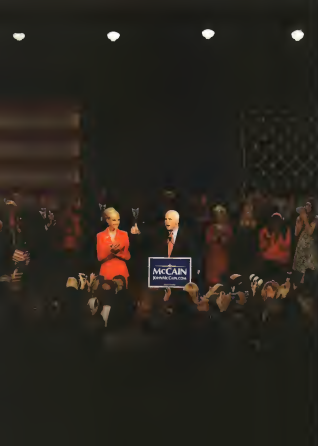
Clooney's longtime PR guy, Stu Rosenfeld, wants to know what the fuck is that. Clooney is in his pajamas watching the most repulsive video he's ever seen. Rosenfeld wants to see it.

"I want to go at least one second more than George?"

"The guy is watching it," Clooney says, responding himself. "It's like the radio—once it's on, it's on a can."

Rosenfeld looks three feet away from his work on it. Clooney, having made himself feel alluring, says now, watches, doubled over with laughter.

Author's note: Please don't watch the video. I don't want any more page views on my conviction. But do feel free to watch the monkey vs. That's kind of funny.



[One of Us, Part 3]

In August 2006, *Esquire* published the first installment of Chris Jones's intimate portrait of John McCain's long fight to become president. In January, we published Part 2, chronicling the nightmare and near-collapse of McCain's campaign last year and the beginning of his hard-fought battle to run again. Now Jones reports from the inside on that effort reached its climax.

XC Tuesday, January 8



By Chris Jones

Two Nights...

XC Tuesday, February 5

THEY ALL GATHERED at the front of the big new plane, John McCain and his ever-expanding circle of friends and advisers, Senator Joe Lieberman of Connecticut and Governor Charlie Crist of Florida's new among them, and they leaned in and listened to strategist Steve Schmidt, who was receiving the first version of a face-poll result through his BlackBerry. It was only just past two o'clock in the afternoon on the tarmac in San Diego, but on this far-reaching day, February 5—Super Tuesday—states in the East and the Southwest were closer to calling it a night. And night was what everyone wanted to see, this night especially, maybe the night—don't even say it—that would winnow the final transients out of McCain from personal enemies to the face of his party, the election year. The mood among McCain's entourage had been euphoric during a grandover rally in New York City a week on the long cross-country flight, but now faces felt a little, and the conversation seemed to grow more serious. A few photographers were snapping pictures of the huddle from their seats in the back. They were asked

to stop. On such an open and accessible campaign, the sudden blackout raised goosebumps. Whispers began running down the plane's aisle, growing less hushed the further back they got. It wasn't that Mitt Romney had mounted a last-ditch recovery, which was everyone's first guess. (Although the early numbers showed McCain leading only slightly over Romney in his home state of Arizona, which was unfortunate.) It was that Mitt Romney, the guy everyone had taken their eyes

39

[A TRIBUTE]

People dread thirty-nine. They fear forty, and so at thirty-nine they sulk. But you don't see Rachel Hunter sulking, do you? No. That's because she's one of a remarkable group of women turning thirty-nine this year who know it's the age at which beauty and wisdom and experience collide to create... well, you see the photo.



Say with me here. We'll return to the topic of Rachel Hunter's translucent lingerie in just a moment. But first, a quick detour into turn-of-the-century cultural ferment. Perhaps you remember studying the fin de siècle in college. You know, the transition between centuries, a time filled with cultural richness and enchantment mixed with fear and topped off with a helping of decadence? The end of the nineteenth century gave us Freud, the Belle Époque, Impressionism. The end of the twentieth gave us the Internet explosion and, uh, Austin Powers—less impressive, but the basic idea still holds. I'm starting to think women are like creatures. Only with women, it's more fin de siècle. Specifically, the decade of their thirties. Thirty-nine is an age of confidence mixed with fear, a renaissance of hedonism in the last year of a bigger cycle, the fin de girliness, the fin de immaturity being cute.

For proof, consider the alarming number of breathtaking women who will turn thirty-nine this year. They're burning brighter than ever. Catherine Zeta-Jones is now even more too-much-of-a-woman for the ol' coot she married. And Jennifer Aniston appears to be getting younger. I salute Hunter—she of the translucent lingerie—for marking the transition by hooking up with a hockey player many years her junior. No doubt the boy has read Ben Franklin's essay on the joys of older women, in which he wrote, "Their Conversation is more improving and more lastingly agreeable." Wise and eternally true. Take Cate Blanchett. Her conversation would be much more lastingly agreeable. Franklin's second point was this: "When Women cease to be handsome, they study to be good." Now, here he dates himself. Cease to be handsome? Have you seen Christy Turlington recently? Gwen Stefani? Ellen Pompeo? As you may have noticed, women no longer cease to be handsome. Pfffters, better diets, SPF 90, various dark arts—they're brought about a fin de degeneration. Teenagers are looking older, seasoned women are looking younger, and they're all meeting somewhere around twenty-seven. Which has its dangers, but also its charms.

—A.J. JACOBS

Rachel Hunter

WHAT I'VE LEARNED
#SUPERMODEL, 39, LOS ANGELES

- ▶ **Look, anyone** can look into a camera and be sexy. It's the more in-depth version of sexuality that builds as you get older.
- ▶ **You know** the old saying, "I wish I knew what I had then."
- ▶ **My magazine covers** are all down in the bikini set.
- ▶ **Teach your children** everything that you're not: because they will pick up on everything that you are.
- ▶ **My mother** told us about the birds and the bees, what goes on with your body when we were about five or six. There were no boundaries.
- ▶ **When we were making** the *Footprints* of Wayne video, I actually said, "What does that mean, MILF?" I definitely got a lot younger of an audience after that video.

OTHERS TURNING 39 THIS YEAR

Led Zepplin I
The VCR
Jesse L. Martin
Portia's Complaint
UNK
Scooby-Doo
The Gap
Bryan Adams's first real hit—*Stayin' Alive*

- ▶ **Turbulence** makes me nervous.
- ▶ **God and death** kind of resemble each other because the only time a lot of people will try and talk to God is when someone's died.
- ▶ **I was brought up** on many different religions. We would go from Newton to Christine to Mormonism to Buddhism—you name it, we did it. But the *Live King* did it for me, when they told it in the circle of life. Put it on Koolhaas and you're all set.
- ▶ **When I did *Playboy***, it was a time of feeling really good about myself, really comfortable in my own skin. I would not do it again.
- ▶ **Love** is just chemistry.
- ▶ **A loudmouth**, a show-off, is a total turnoff for me.
- ▶ **When I hear** a Rod Stewart song now, it just kind of goes over the top of me. But I always get a smile on my face. Yeah, for sure.
- ▶ **I eat** the bed out of a steak. Really stab it with a fork to tenderize it. Then I put pepper and salt over the top of it after, or add a couple pieces of garlic, and Lea & Perrins Worcestershire Sauce. Then I put it on a grill over the stove on a really low heat.
- ▶ **Is what I'm doing** the right thing to be doing? Or should I be doing some thing else?
- ▶ **I am a very open person**, and I'm always nervous of being misconstructed. Sitting in the middle of a restaurant makes me nervous. I feel like I'm being judged. And it's funny that I should feel that way.
- ▶ **There's got to be** something to rein carnation. I don't know what I used to be a dog in a good house? He



HOW TO

BETTER

➔ It seems like it should be easy, sleeping. Lie down. Close your eyes. That's about it. And you've had a lot of time to practice. So why are you so tired all the time? Why, even when you sleep through the night, do you sometimes wake up feeling just as exhausted? Because as simple as it seems, a lot can come between a man and his rest. Anxiety. Noise. The snoring passenger in seat 23A. But there are things you can do. Easy things that will help you fall asleep anywhere. And sleep through anything.

The Otis Bed Holey 150 Futons A Love Story

BY SCOTT RAAB

My working girlfriend is old, that is, she defines old as "in this manner like a quilt placed on the floor for use as a bed."

That's it. And that was it, back before the futon got hip. I came on here on the scene—I still sleep on a wretched one in the late 1980s, for the same reason that Malloy climbed Mount Everest. It was there—and my first futon was a flat slab of cheap cotton batting that

blew out quick, except for the lumps, a brutal bed that declined as a wretched couch.

I got sober on an old mattress and graduated a few months later to a traditional mattress-and-box-spring combo, which, as in my humble opinion, surely for looks and status. One trip to a mattress store is enough to realize that a mesh divider is far more honest than those otherwise, and no amount of inner-coil empels can change the fact that you're tossing and turning on unevenly peddled metal. At a certain point in life—

better late than never—a man realizes that he needs his bed to be both as firm as his commitment and as yielding as his heart.

So I looked at some of the edgily downy beds peddled again but for nearly five figures to the same suckers who think the \$60-Zero will keep the baby carrots more crisp—but I've never been that loose with a buck. Instead, I made do. I tossed out the best spring bed just my teenage Sealy queen on an Ikea metal frame with wood slats, and when the kid came along, my wife and I sprang for a plush foam-

Photography by
**JEFF
MINTON**



Sleep Knowledge

➤ Before Thomas Edison's invention of the lightbulb, people slept an average of 9 1/2 hours a night, today Americans average 6.8

hours of sleep on work nights and 7.5 hours on weekends.
➤ In 2004, the National Portrait Gallery in London

unleashed a 19th-century portrait of Wood's David, a six-year-old, middle-class of David.
➤ In 2004, sleep specialist

helps to visit an Australian woman who left her home and had sex with strong and while she was sleeping.
➤ Nearly one in four



MONDAY

15

TUESDAY

16

WEDNESDAY

17

THURSDAY

18

FRIDAY

19

SATURDAY

20

SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

ESQUIRE FICTION

The Last Days of Heath Ledger

BY / LISA TABBED | PHOTOGRAPHS BY / BRUCE DUFFY

IT BECOMES THEATRICALY IMPORTANT, after you die, what your last few days are like.

For me, it was just like any other weekend in my life. I didn't eat a last meal, I didn't jerk off any more or any less, I didn't climb a mountain or end up swinging from a noose with *Mozart's Requiem* in the background. But suddenly it's important exactly what I did, because they are the last few days, and what you do in the last few days, down to your last lunch, becomes a fairy tale.

If you force me to make my last weekend a microcosm of my existence, and what my existence means to you, then I'll tell you how it went and who I played. But first things first: It was an accident. I'm not some fucked-up star who couldn't deal. I could deal; I just couldn't sleep.

ESPECIALLY WHEN HE WORKS AROUND FOOD ALL DAY WE ASKED EIGHT OF NEW YORK'S RESTAURANT POWERHOUSES, 18 SUIT UP IN SPRING'S SHARPEST TAILORING, TAKE A SEAT AT THEIR FAVORITE RESTAURANT AND DIG IN TO THEIR FAVORITE MEAT. **PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY LEUTWYLER**

JOHN
MCDONALD

Owner of Greer Public, Dan Farnsworth, said Chickadee's behavior, which he described as "B&B" (Bitch and Bitch), was "not acceptable."

Twenty is a lot of money!

the Japanese. As always, just 1000 ft. higher in the past, the village of Kurohara is now home to the plant's 100th birthday. Good thing, a pharmaceutical giant has chops; that's just one of these places you don't see a lot of anymore. What's the best way to find out if a new restaurant?

I recently asked the waiter about the most popular dish. Most people ask what's good, but that's kind of a loaded question; if you ask them what the number-one-selling dish is, that tends to be more compelling than what they think is good.

[illegible]

➔ **STAY TO CHECK:** learn more about
your assignments on page 38.

[illegible]

PIERO TROTTA

Wine director at San Domenico, serving crispy duck breast with cornstarch-wedged and seared day (2008) at Pacifico bar, 20 Little West, Fourth Street, 201-647-2344

Come here when?

I don't have a lot of time to eat at night because I'm working at my own restaurant, so whenever I need a late dinner, I can come here at 11:00 or 11:30 and get a great meal.

And how do you choose your wine?

Whenever I go, I always ask the sommelier or wine director what he thinks is good with the food that he serves.

What if you get a wine comment?

Being wine director at a restaurant, I know what's good for any kind of food, so I trust that another wine director knows what's good for his kind of food.

Should someone feel bad about wanting to be here?

Never. If someone doesn't like their wine, they should ask for the person in charge of what's being put out that they don't like it. When I'm put in that position, I tell the customer, "I

this is not what you're looking for, I'll try to understand what you're looking for." One of the things I hate the most is to drink a bad bottle of wine.

Two bottles of wine and one bottle of 2008 cabernet (2008) at Pacifico bar, 20 Little West, Fourth Street, 201-647-2344. One bottle of 2008 cabernet (2008) at Pacifico bar, 20 Little West, Fourth Street, 201-647-2344. One bottle of 2008 cabernet (2008) at Pacifico bar, 20 Little West, Fourth Street, 201-647-2344.

BEN CHEKROUN

Wine director at San Domenico, serving duck breast with cornstarch-wedged and seared day (2008) at Pacifico bar, 20 Little West, Fourth Street, 201-647-2344

Who's B.T. Chekroun?

Ben Chekroun is a sophisticated and a perfect place for me to unwind.

And you know what?

I do love this.

Ben Chekroun is a sophisticated and a perfect place for me to unwind.

Ben Chekroun is a sophisticated and a perfect place for me to unwind.

Ben Chekroun is a sophisticated and a perfect place for me to unwind.

Ben Chekroun is a sophisticated and a perfect place for me to unwind.

Ben Chekroun is a sophisticated and a perfect place for me to unwind.

Ben Chekroun is a sophisticated and a perfect place for me to unwind.

Ben Chekroun is a sophisticated and a perfect place for me to unwind.

Ben Chekroun is a sophisticated and a perfect place for me to unwind.

POT CHILI GARLIC CONFIT
 POA LOES
 MAPLE BROWN BUTTER AMARETTI
 SELLS SPROUTS
 CIPOLLINO CON

MALBEC. BUDIN
RIOJA. SIERRA
SYRAH- GRENA
MERLOT. PAN
CABERNET. HAR
PINOT NOIR. L
ROSSA

MICHAEL
PSILAKIS

*Executive Director and President of
AIDSinfo, 1400 Broadway, Suite 100
New York, NY 10018-3277
E-mail: David.Alexander@AIDSinfo.org*

Violence pretty frequently with
the right wing members of this

place right
 "I've never been to a car wash
 before," she whined all the time.
 "Mostly, I wanted to see what
 it was like," said the daughter. "I
 only did it for a few minutes."
 "I want to see what it's like,"
 she said. "I want to see what
 it's like." She was so excited
 to see what it was like, she
 was a little bit nervous.

What do you want to do?
I want to go to the beach.
I want to go to the beach.
I want to go to the beach.

Seriously?
I just know you like time to do
your own thing, so we're really
going to make it for you. And
it's all there up and on display.
I know, some way too much
good. I just want to see and taste
and see it all. The experience
from all different levels. Just
really like food.

0780 191 222
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 0780 191 222

Model 9 of Firefly, having wheels
shipped less (marked price) of
Globe-Africa, 247 North Avenue,
200-345-7700.

I fell in love with Greek food when I lived in Athens (Greece) for about four years, and it's like, of course, one of the biggest populations of Greek-savvy fans. But since I don't get to Athens

Can you ever just sit at a table and enjoy your meal without thinking like a calorie diet?

It's absolutely impossible for me not to notice that the waiter hasn't been to another table in two minutes or that someone's trying to slip down their chair. That must not happen.

I've gotten out with friends who are like, 'Just sit down and shut up.' They can't tell me a mother's off.

Can people learn a lesson if
talking to you about the world?
You can usually talk. Maybe.

They've forgotten your responsibilities as a writer: to plot and really behind schedule. Wilson's solution

they can do, then you just have to figure out if you want to wait.

And then what?

Two-burner wood-burning soft electric

and were honoured with Distinguished First Joint Laureate collections (2000) and with the JACS by International Super-Crystals Society and being also the 2003 by David Puriel.

Executive chef at Aldis & Brineau, ending The Marriage's Farm Egg with Foraged Mushrooms, Stone Farm Grown, and Lettuce and Herb Dressing
(Chef at Aldis 1987-79 Washington, DC at 202-529-1726)

It is the kind of food that I like to eat—fresh and delicious and all that—and when I am here before the chef cooked his points off. He put on a great show and I had a great experience.

Do you read restaurant reviews before trying new places, or do you eat on

Both. Of my current list of places I want to go, I'd say a lot of them have come from word of mouth.

I've told myself of this. I'll ask whatever
you want me to do. But if I just
ask you to do it, I'll ask you to do it.

Acknowledgments

[illegible]

What I've Learned


Leslie Nielsen

Actor, 82, Fort Lauderdale, Florida

Interviewed by Cal Fussman / Photograph by Jeff Minton

- **It was a boy's name first.**
- **One thing** a person won't do when he's laughing is try to beat you up.
- **When I was a boy,** I'd invent a new weapon on my bicycle at 64 below. The worst part is, I wanted to impress the girls, so I had to look good. I could't wear a hat with earflaps. I had to sport the wire. So I'd put some wire through my hair and push that wire up over my forehead. Then I'd step outside and splashable—it would freeze.
- **On the movie *Grease*,** when I grew up, laughter is part of the food of the day. Nobody wants to hear you say, "Gee, it's really cold."
- **There was money involved** my father gave me. But there was one that always stuck with me: He said to me, "Just remember, never say 'That's it.' That's it."
- **If you're going fishing,** make sure you don't bring your sperm whale hat with you. A sperm whale goes down to twenty-five hundred feet and can hold its breath for eighty years or so.
- **Even if you did** catch a sperm whale, when you put it in the boat, he'd sink it.
- **It took me a long time** to realize that it came from a dysfunctional family. But, you know, at least I had the skeletons.
- **I remember** as a young man seeing *Death of a Salesman*, with Lee J. Cobb. When the play was over, nobody in the audience moved. All you could hear was a little sniffing. The referee was just overwhelmed. It was a remarkable demonstration of the power of the theater. I'll never forget that, never.
- **You, sir, boss,** I've been called the Laurence Olivier of spoofs. I guess that would make Laurence Olivier the Leslie Nielsen of Shakespeare.
- **There's an old saying** that God counts on your search for him. I just want you to understand that I can't look up.
- **There's a hard machine** that I usually live with me. I was at a bar once, going down a town of the jello, and these two guys were in a confrontation and things were getting a little dicey. As I got in between the two of them, I said, "Where's the job?" I went straight back there? Pfffffffttttttttt. Well, these two look at each other and then look at me, and they both start laughing. Right away after.
- **People ask me,** "What would you like to be remembered for?" It really doesn't make any difference. I've done *Amelie*, *Three Men of Straw*, *Wonderfully Weird*, and *Downsized* and *Love Is the Way I Look at It*. I've built my own little pyramid and it's gonna be around for as long as people have eyes to see.
- **You can't be a cop** and survive well without a sense of humor.
- **I've been harassed** by many police departments, but this story sort of sums it up. I was playing in a celebrity golf tournament with presidents, Clinton was there. Ron and Carter. We're going around as foursomes. There was a stall. I come up with the cart and this guy with a bow, stops directly in front of me, stands at attention, and says, "Yes, sir." And then he takes me.
- **When you're signing** an autograph, there are people who want to give you directions. "Will you please write 'Don't call me Shirley'?" When there are a lot of people waiting, people should understand that it takes twice as long.
- **What happened** was that I left my daughter with four friends who were sunbathing by the pool. I said, "Hey, keep your eyes on Maureen." Who wasn't even six years old at the time. Well, they started talking. I cross the yard, group these stars, and are her at the bottom of the pool. You react instantly. I remember diving into that pool and grabbing her. She splinted when she came up so she wasn't drowning. She hadn't been down for that long. After I knew she was okay, two feelings ran through me. I was glad at my friends for not watching her. And, not that I was a hero or anything, but it did really go to know that without even thinking, I would do anything to save her. The feeling that I had when it occurred is no different than it is now at the thought of it.
- **I don't like movies** because you can't see the other side.
- **The whole thing** was about memorable death. My mother, I have a reasonable doubt that me and her G.J. could have done it.
- **I remember** a body from the police department was gonna open up the car door to get out, and he pushed against it but it didn't fully open. I thought, "It's impossible, you're older than I am, Jane Christ, is that what they call getting old?"
- **The reason** there's a question mark on my finger does not concern me. I kept my address.
- **Living in Fort Lauderdale** makes me feel like I'm always on vacation.
- **I can't be around** Barbara without being aware of her love. I remember one time Barbara looked at me and said, "Are you aware how much I love you?" And I said, "Well, I have some idea." She said, "Do you know, if anything at all should happen to you, I think I would kill myself?" There was a long pause. Then she said, "How do you feel?" I'll never forget that one.
- **I really have** to keep an eye on myself, because sometimes I think I might say something important.





As head of U.S. Central Command, Admiral William "Fog" Fallon is in charge of American military strategy for the most troubled parts of the world, including the entire Middle East. As hawks in Congress and at the Pentagon planned for war with China, Fallon instead urged cooperation with the Chinese. And now, as the White House has been escalating the war of words with Iran, and seeming ever more determined to strike militarily before the end of this presidency, the admiral has instead urged restraint and diplomacy. In the end, who will prevail, the president or the admiral?

THE MAN BETWEEN WAR AND PEACE

By Thomas F.M. Barnett

Photographs by Peter Yang

[illegible]

what could happen, and how that could screw up a lot of things. At the end of the day, it's his country and he's the boss of it, and he's gonna make his decision."

And he admitted requests for the exchange, but none in fact, he says. "I was already on this subject for far more complex than anyone else's life is neither an idealist nor a fanatic. In Pakistan, he has the most volatile combination of forces in the world, and he is deeply angry." Did it tell President Musharraf this is not a recommended course of action? Of course. Did it tell them there are very negative effects that this could have? Of course. To be aware of those? Yes.

"Ireland" feeling pretty cozy right now because they've been able to inflict pain on us in Iraq and Afghanistan," Fallon says. So the trick is to "figure out what they really want.... The fact is that everyone needs something in this world."

And when the real cards finally get played, that's when *The* leaves all double down.

I scan the moonpage that is the moonpage west of Kistral.

John McCain

[illegible]

McCauley went upstairs and watched a movie and took a nap. Mark Salvo pulled a table and chairs outside under the eave, smoking cigarettes and writing the speech (McCauley's service only what McCauley would give in just a few hours). The first six-pull round started ringing around three o'clock, and they showed him with a 3-pound lead, number 4. The hard kiddy begins him. In the adjacent bathroom a man (the client) been with coffee.

Upon McCain's hood in its. Cindy and their daughters Meghan and Lindsay got a meal of their own. Plates of salad and vegetable platters were spread out on the coffee table. But McCain didn't eat much. Instead, he prepared his speech for Salter. That was the first time McCain allowed himself to relax and lead the victory he so desperately needed.

He returned nervous, though, onto them. There was no crash at all, and there were no many people in New Hampshire who were scandalized on his line—McGowan heard that and, wouldn't—just he still heard a jet. And how many of his beloved Independents would be handed away by Obama and vote the Democratic primary instead? Used the hard numbers there is, there's really only hope and there's, electric crisis in the air. McGowan worked the airwaves and argued to shocky cabinet hand that he kept around, his left wing. Rather were elsewhere for his another crisis.

Then, at 3:11 p.m., minutes after the polls closed, the Associated Press called it New Hampshire for McCain. Clinton lit up his cigarette and looked it for the cameras as the time it took to make that short dash across the board. Fox News called it 2008 and

the TVs in the lobby were obscured by raised hands and shouting. "Unbelievable dude," Siskel shouted over the noise. "The greatest political comeback in my lifetime."

[illegible]

Newt Gingrich had only one vote until the six members spoke in concert to defeat him before he could open the party discussion. "These people have been so good to us," he said, almost snarling. "Yikes!"

At last, history came on the TV. "Romney's going to speak here, so we better turn that down, Candy!" McCain said, pausing to fix the TV, but she didn't hear him, and no one else did, either.

McCauley looked like he was going to throw up into the plant beside him. "That's why I wanted to turn it down," he said.

And that was the moment. That was when it happened: this great turning of prospect and mood and tactics. McCain graced his teeth and lungs about New Hampshire, he got about Alaska—forget about the beginning and the middle and saw only the end, and he found suddenly that he had all the energy in the world.

McCain needed it, too, every last stop, to carry him through a disappointing loss to Romney in Michigan: "We didn't need a fight," he told a fan—to a punnier man in South Carolina and his under men in Florida, which knocked Rudy Giuliani out of the race and into McCain's overwhelmingly crowded caucus and then through unrelentingly punishing schedules to single-day new stops in Chicago, Nashville, Birmingham,

Affiliate, and think again: D-C's center has five award Super Tuesday including today's International Day, New York to San Diego to Phoenix streamlines hours from two and three to sitting at another hotel room, giving the person in his pocket, working on the TV, working in

weather events cause them.

The six polls were partly right: Rockefeller claimed gay therapists in the Southwest—here he was Romney, but not, Jesus, and then McCain began pulling up states, by state, New York and New Jersey, and small states, Delaware and Connecticut, and making it a race to Kansas (Romney)—wouldn't that have been a smart, sharp knife to throw off Romney's ribs?—and carved sent me Missives, Galt's House, Illinois, and running away with Arkansas after all—what the hell was that about?—and they voting, deep into the night, for the legend and final page, California.

[illegible]

"Although I've never studied the rule of the underdog," he said, "maybe I think we must get used to the idea that we are the Republic."

We said quickly—member react was different than it had been earlier in the day, changing along with him, calmer between breaths.

And there he turned his attention to the

"I talk to Governor Bush when I can," he said.

And I want to congratulate Governor Ramsey."

The difference in working was subtle, maybe even subconscious, but it was not unimportant. It was as though even in the aftermath of victory, MacKenzie couldn't resist moving a few more plastic beads on the big map of the world, athlete versus congressman, respect

Mike Huckabee versus Mitt Romney. Just like that, John McCain had set up a new battle. McCain removed himself from an old one. Two days later, Romney would lead his campaign, but McCain already seemed to have left the others behind. From now on, he was above it, he said without smiling—he was ready to become that someone on something else he thinks we need him to become.

With that, he went outside, and he took a car to his condo, past down the street. He was alone with his family, no reporters, none of his new friends. It was late, and it had been a long, long day.



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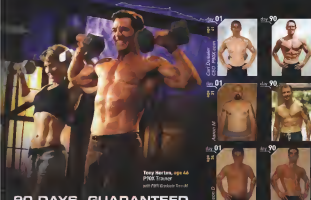
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What They're Thinking

Functional MRI results

BY BUDDY KITE

LOU DORES



STIMULUS: A comedy number 8 at La Taqueria. Comedies have been shown to activate two brain areas and a related behavior.

REACTION: Simultaneous activity in the hypothalamus and amygdala indicating a conflict of desire and anger. Patients are frequently associated with approach-avoidance behavior.

"WOLF," AMERICAN GLADIATORS



STIMULUS: A photo

REACTION: A surge of activity in the frontal lobe and rostral anterior cingulate cortex, indicating a boost in optimism and confidence in secure second-cancer opportunities.

VLADIMIR PUTIN



STIMULUS: A prominent Russian playbill walking down the street.

REACTION: The fusiform gyrus, located in the temporal lobe, is known for emotion and memory. As long as we feel this unity inside us, Russia will be invincible.

JONATHAN FRANZEN



STIMULUS: A slightly overweight woman having a good time with her husband at Starbucks.

REACTION: A sharp spike in activity in the dorsolateral prefrontal cortex and the amygdala, indicating violent outbursts.

GUY IN AN AMC THEATER IN TUCSON



STIMULUS: Movie theatergoers watching a preview for the costume drama *The Duchess*.

REACTION: Activity in the anterior cingulate cortex and occipital lobe is associated with alpha-wave and visual processing.

KNOW, THE POLAR BEAR



STIMULUS: A few fish on the floor of his cage.

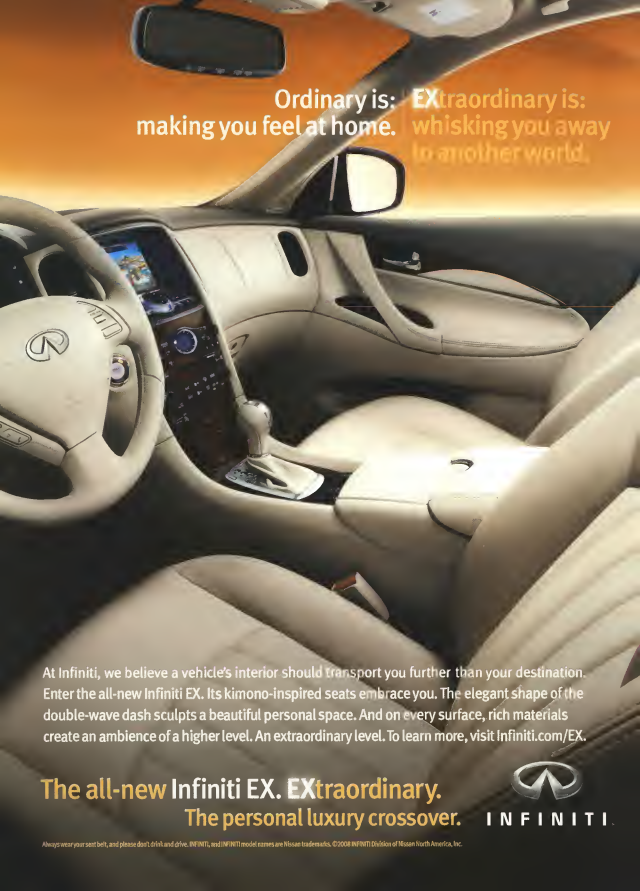
REACTION: Rapid loss of activity in the hippocampus, indicating social defeat and fear-related despair.

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